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FOUNDED IN 1836.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909.

VOL. LXXIV, NO. 48.

THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

The wan light began to creep upon the face of the gray sea, and the last of the stars went out, soon to be followed by the rose and gold of another morning. The various objects of the disordered deck began to throw o their security. Aft, the cut end of the Ophironia B.'s painter still trailed over the rail, and near by, half afloat among the scuppers, rolled the little handboat I had brought on deck not 36 hours ago. The sight made me sick with rage, and I turned my back and walked rapidly astern, to the very end of the deck, and stook looking down upon what had been the second cabin hatch, my throat constricted, my lips set, my eyes hot with tears of rage.

All the after part of the ship was now in the water, and the lower deck was slippery with wet and neglect, and disorderly with all sorts of queer rubbish thrown or flung down anyhow,and littered or heaped by water or wind in strange irregular heaps. At the head of the narrow stair lay a dark mass which I took at first to be a pile of clothing or rugs, but in the gray dawn it moved, and I heard a faint weary sigh, as of one waking sadly, and I knew it to be Dick, fallen in a crumpled heap.

Impelled by some inward impulse, a sort I had dreamed I should never feel again, I went down the stair, knelt beside him, and took one hot, groping hand in both of mine. The touch of it thawed my heart, and all the coldness I believed I had felt toward him vanished as if it had never been there perhaps it had not. "Dick," I said. "Dick, dear."

He woke a little more, opening and closing his eyes, and twisting his body wearily, for he lay strangely huddled and cramped. Slipping an arm under his shoulders I helped him to sit up, leaning against the lower stair. "Is that you, dear?" he said presently. "How'd I get here—oh, I remember—I fell." He closed his eyes, and a faint red came into his pale face.

I seated myself on the steps above him, so that he could rest his shoulder against my knees, and laying a hand upon his forehead, kissed his hair. There was a long silence, and then he twisted round on a sudden, hid his face against my knees, and began to sob softly, brokenly, like a child, and, as if he had been a child indeed, I tried to soothe him.

But things were for the moment beyond me. He presently became quiet, and he would not look up nor speak. After a time he drew away from me, and scrambling to his feet with a long sigh, stood looking out over the sea to where the first rays of the sun were dancing along before us. I rose and stood beside him and slipped my hand into his. "Dolly," said he at last.

"Yes, dear."

"I'm half afraid to promise—the fear that I am—but I think that's the case for." I uttered a glad little cry, but he checked me. "We must be afraid still—at least, we must try to be. I know you forgive me—but we can't talk about it."

"Dick—please kiss me good morning."

He hesitated, then kissed me quickly and lightly. "I wish you hadn't asked me just now—it makes it like a promise and what am I to make a promise?" He sighed again, then turned toward the stair. "Let's go up out of this mess." We ascended the stair, and he drew me down upon the top step. "Now kiss me good morning, dear."

In the brighter morning light he looked very pale, but he protested that he was very well—better, he said, than he had any right to be—but he was badly bruised from his fall down the stairs, and could move only with much pain. "Don't you see what marvelous luck you have, Polly?" he mocked. "I might have broken my back!"

He asked me to tell him what had happened—he remembered nothing after the combat with Fenneck and very little of what had followed upon the loss of the boat. I must have known a great deal of passion into my recital, for when I had finished he was very grave. "What are we going to do, Dick?" I demanded. "What are we going to do?"

"It's a bad business," was his only comment, "an infernally bad business, to it all round."

"I suppose we've got to take it all right!" I dryly answered.

"Yes, we have," he coolly rejoined, leaning back against the rail, with closed eyes, he murmured, "Lord, how my head does ache! But don't pity me—don't you dare! Headache or no headache, I've got to think one thing out—and think it out right off."

"Shall I go away?"

"No, you're to stay and help." He began to feel in one pocket after another. "Thought I had a—no—well, never mind——"

"If it's a cigar you want, I'll get it."

"No, please, dear—I'd rather have you stay. Hello! look at this!" He had drawn out Fenneck's revolver, and sat looking at it with an expression of disgust. "I didn't know I had the beastly thing!"

"Let me take it."

He was evidently relieved. "I hate those things, you know! It was low of him to pull it on me, drunk as I was."

"He is a beast——"

"Oh, no—don't dear—I shouldn't have said it first! And, do you know, the last thing—" he glanced at the revolver as it lay on my lap—"has set me things. I know now what we've got to do."

"What, pray?"

"We must make it up with them." He started, and he laid his hand on mine. "Yes, we must, dear. We've been what we should to them; it was a vile trick we tried to play that poor woman—I knew it all the time." She took good care we didn't succeed," I replied with guilty heat.

"Can you blame her? Think what it meant to her to be left with that imbecile! Polly, dear, we were crazy—that's the best thing to be said for it. It's the strain of being penned up here, of letting ourselves hate and despise—and, on my part, it's—it's much more. We must get off this accursed ship—it's become a pest-house where must all of us get away."

"But how, dear?"

"The next time I see Fenneck I'm going to apologize—that's only decent—I owe it to him."

"He owes you something—his life and his reason. "And he's such a beast!"

"Don't, dear—he was my poor old dad's friend. He's known me since I was a boy; of course, we've never been intimate, there are all the years between us. But he's an old man—and, dearie, we've got to make it up, all of us—don't you think so?"

My poor, sweet-souled, simple Dick! He made me believe in the dawn of the Golden Age aboard that wasting, filthy, drifting tub, overcrowded with four overwrought, straining, ill-matched souls. He had had his own strange baptism, as unexpected, unsought, and hidden as such things commonly are, and in the glow of it a little of his new glory was cast upon me. At any rate, I loved him better.

"And surely," he was planning, "the two of us together can do something, rig a raft or something. And with a few days of southwest winds I'd begin really to hope of getting out of this tangle." He cast a wide, eager glance over the sullen-hued waste, now dancing under the brightness of the clear morning sun, and then he sighed; it was so thoroughly real, we were so completely its prisoners.

"The first thing we'll do will be to have some breakfast!" I exclaimed. "It's time to be cooks and things now, Dickie love—we'll be naval constructors later! Come and help!" I sprang up, and Fenneck's forgotten revolver fell heavily upon the deck. Dick, who had not risen, picked it up, and examined it, turning it about in his hands.

"It's his, all right—see the name on the handle—I wonder if he had it when he left the ship or whether it's the one he found since he—since he came back? Here, take it away, please." Rising, he thrust it into my hands.

"What shall I do with it?"

"Whatever you like—better put it with the rest, I suppose." We went slowly along the deck, side by side. We were happy in the double joy of our love and our good resolutions. At the top of the stair we kissed each other, and then we descended hand in hand.

"We must have a bully breakfast, dear!" said Dick. "Not that I feel exactly up to it, but we must have a sort of fatted calf for ourselves and ask them to share it. And we must be, as you express it so prettily, 'just too lovely for words!' I'll go and make myself very handsome, and then I'll come and help you!"

He turned into his stateroom, whistling, and I went on to mine for the key of the buffet. As I entered the narrow passage from which my cabin opened I heard the sounds of quick movements within, and the door was, as I reached it, shut in my face.

Before it could be secured I flung it open and faced Mr. Fenneck. He was leaning against the tiny washstand, his hand to his face, which had been struck by the opening door. A tiny stream of blood was oozing from his right eyebrow, and his eyes burnt with shame and anger upon mine, but he begged my pardon and murmured something about its being all his stupid mistake. But my steamer trunk had been so hastily closed and thrust under the berth that sundry of its contents trailed beneath from the lid upon the floor, and my desk-pad lay open upon the lounge in a litter of papers.

The Golden Age had faded before its dawn, as my old dislike of the man flamed up into burning wrath. "Mr. Fenneck," I demanded, "what are you doing in my room?"

"I could have told you, Miss Harding, that I had made a mistake. If you will allow me to go I shall be very glad." He would have passed into the corridor, but I stood my ground.

"I wish to know what you are doing," I repeated.

"I made a mistake, I tell you!" he cried angrily. He was furiously shamed; some drops of blood from his cut forehead trickled down his chin and he dashed them away with the back of his hand. I don't think he had known till then that he was bleeding, but the sight of his stained hand seemed to madden him. He felt for his handkerchief, failed to find it, and swore. "Will you let me pass, Miss Harding?" he shouted at me.

In my own anger I lost my head. "Not till you tell me what you were looking for!"

He made a step toward me, and for a breathless moment we glared at each other before he seized me by the shoulders to fling me roughly aside. To save myself from a fall I caught at him with both hands—forgetting that I had his revolver.

I have no idea how it happened—I heard a crashing roar, saw a flash of light—and then Fenneck's face wrinkled and relaxed as he crumpled slowly down upon his knees and fell forward across the threshold.

I shrank back in a wreath of ill-smelling smoke against the wall of the passage and shut my eyes. I do not know how long it was before I heard Dick's step, Dick's voice.

"Good God, Polly!—are you hurt? What's happened?"

I pointed to Fenneck's huddled body. "I think he's dead; I killed him!" I said, dully.

"Good God!" said Dick again. He bent down and felt of the silent heart. "He's dead, poor soul!" said he as he rose. "Oh, the poor, poor soul!"

I burst out into wild laughter. "And you were going to beg his pardon!" I shrieked; it seemed the funniest thing, and so I laughed and laughed.

I remember Dick's leading me to his stateroom and making me lie down and pouring water upon my forehead in an apparent delusion that hysterics and a fainting fit, having similar causes, demanded the same treatment.

"Tell me what happened," he asked as soon as I could speak coherently.

As well as I could I told him. "He must have been looking for that confounded set of books," was his comment. "That woman would never give up the hope of it. If she's lost it, just for the sake of getting even with you! As if, supposing you had been the sort to hold it out on her, you wouldn't have had sense enough to destroy it! Of course, it was she who put him up to it—and now we have her on our necks again! Of all the luck!"

"Oh, Dick, forgive me!" I sobbed miserably.

He soothed me gently, with infinite patience, with his old, unfailing tenderness. "But what to do about it!" he mused at length. "I wish it were night—I would be just low enough to put the poor old chap overboard and let her—Mrs. Gately—think it an accident, or even that he did away with himself. But that's of course impossible."

"But what are we to tell her?"

He gave me a swift side-glance and shrugged his shoulders. "The truth, I'm afraid—or part of it. You'll have to leave it to me, dear. And now, if you'll let me leave you, I'll go and get it—him out of your room."

I shuddered. "I can't ever sleep there again, Dick."

"No, dear, you shan't—we'll put you up safe somewhere. Wait here for——"

A cry, sharp yet prolonged, rose and slowly fell, a cry that was neither a shriek nor a sob, but which bore the horror of one and the misery of the other.

We ran out, to my room. Flossie Gately crouched beside Fenneck's body. She had turned it over, so that the face lay staring stiffly upward, livid and stiff. Though he had been dead so short a time his last grimace was already fixed, and his eyes stared with the deliberate insolence of death. Save for the drying blood from the cut brow there was no sign of violence; the bullet had entered his heart.

She had gathered him up, across her knee, with one arm under that hideous staring head, and there was a worn and piteous tenderness in her face that smote me through. The awfulness of finding him so bad, for the moment, driven the fear of discovery out of her mind, and she faced us with grief alone.

"He's dead—he's dead——!" she was moaning, as she fondled that dreadful head.

Neither of us could speak. Our silence, or our faces must have betrayed us, for she presently laid the body gently down and rose, looking from Dick to me with a voiceless, fearful question.

"He didn't—just die!" she said at last. "He was a strong man—he was killed—he was killed!" She kept looking from one to the other of us that fearful question marking itself upon her face as if it were being traced in warm wax. There was a pause which lasted for hours and yet my watch, I knew, could not have ticked a dozen times.

"He drew on me! He drew on me!" Dick burst out suddenly.

Her gaze slowly fastened itself upon him alone. "So it was you!" said she. "You killed him—an old man! You coward!"

And I was silent.

"He drew on me first—you remember how he did on deck!" went on Dick nervously, pausing often to wet his dry lips with his tongue. "And —and—what was he doing here? Tell me that Mrs. Gately? What business had he in this room?"

"He was here for me!" she answered him. "I had told him that I had been—robbed."

My pity for her died down like the flame of an empty lamp and with it some of my remorse. It was this woman's foolish, frantic greed that had helped to slay James Fenneck."

"Come, Mrs. Gately, you must not stay here," said Dick, with an odd, dry courtesy. "You would better leave —Mr. Fenneck—to me."

Flossie Gately looked calmly down at the body of the man who had personified for her what a man may for such a woman. I think that she loved him, in a way, for what he had promised her—that outward rehabilitation which she had longed for as only such women can long. She bent and kissed the pitiful, distorted face, and held it for a lingering moment in her arms. As she rose again, she gave a long, shuddering sigh which passed into a sob, and so, sobbing more and more bitterly, she trailed away along the dim passageway, out of sight.

"Oh, Dick—why did you?" I whispered, as she vanished.

"Hush—go away and leave—it—to me," was his only answer.

We buried James Fenneck that afternoon with all the decency we could muster, and with far more ceremony than we had afforded poor Champion, for Dick read the burial service—I cannot imagine why, unless it was from an uneasy feeling that Fenneck was not so good a man, and so stood more in need of intercession. It was a gloomy afternoon; the wind, having shifted to the northwest, sent black shreds of cloud scudding across a silver-white sky so that we had a new, strong sense of motion, and the laying a corpse into desolate sea-field seemed a sullen, deliberate abandonment—the worse in that Mrs. Gately did not come on deck to send a last word or look after her poor friend.

And as the loaded bundle slid over the side a sickening sense of what I had done came upon me. I felt for the first time that there passed James Fenneck, who had lived and had loved his life, and whose life I had taken. I had never been an emotional or imaginative woman, and so the deep facts and principles of human society had rested upon me lightly, for I had never understood them. I was young enough to laugh at death and had often done so; I had often declared the greater infamy of crimes that were not murder. And yet as what had been James Fenneck sank into the trackless forest of the sea, to be shred and washed and bleached and feel naught of it, it came hard and close upon me that I had committed the greatest theft, the greatest crime, the greatest infamy of all in sending body and soul upon their separate ways, that short of blasphemy there could be no viler sin. That the immediate provocation had been his did not whiten me, for I had prepared myself for my sin by hate.

The knowledge sickened me. I tried to steal away by myself and hide and wait for tears or unconsciousness or delirium or whatever else was to be my lot. But Dick followed me, and would stay with me and comforted me as well as any human being could comfort me, and made me eat and drink, and after a while I was, in body at least, quite well again.

CHAPTER VII.

We did not see Mrs. Gately for two or three days. She went to and fro by night and gathered together, I suppose, what food she needed, but she never appeared upon the deck, and, indeed, but for the occasional rustle of her garments and the sound of her footfalls one might have supposed that she kept to her stateroom. It would have been, I daresay, a pretty and merciful thing on my part to have sought her out, but I felt myself hardly fit to do so. The guilt that was upon me made me very humble, and as Dick would not let me be humble with him, I was forced to find some outlet for my remorse, and I queerly devised little comforts for her, setting aside for her the daintiest portion of what stores we had left, clearing the corridors through which she had to pass, airing and drying the rugs and cushions which she had appropriated for her use. Dick did not look upon these minor atonements of mine with much favor, but I would not give them up.

Their observance caused me to apply myself more closely than before to my curious domesticity, and I soon made an alarming discovery. We had long since brought most of the preserved provisions out of the lower storerooms, and placed them in a certain order in the rooms most convenient to the galley. The ladies' little saloon, especially, had been piled high with the cases of tins, the glass jars and bottled waters. And now, it seemed, these stores had diminished in an alarming degree. From day to day they vanished visibly, the cases emptied, the orderly ranks drew thin. What brought the thing to dead certainty was the disappearance of ten bottle of Apollinaris from a case which, in our impoverished store room, stood alone upon the floor and offered a present service by holding the door open. The night but one following Fenneck's burial I had removed two bottles, one for my stateroom and one for Dick's. The next morning the remaining bottles had vanished.

However, I told myself that Mrs. Gately was probably stocking a little store room of her own, as she had an undoubted right to do. I tried not to let the thing trouble me—but however busy and cheerful I tried to be, something vague and dark kept drawing itself over my mind, and its shadow stretched down, cold and sad-colored, upon my heart. It now seemed to me that there was something evil, supernaturally evil, in the air within that oozing, rotting hold, and that all our despair, our cowardice, selfishness, envy, hatred, had gathered themselves together and thickened into a cloud, which gave a deeper poison to the stinking, brooding vapors of the ship. Day by day exertion had grown more unwelcome; we had been beset by a deadening melancholia which shut out even the misery of active despair.

We had striven hard to throw it off; with a common impulse we now talked frantically of our past lives, our joys, our friends—but not even the sting of recalling our dead hopes quite destroyed the inertia of mind which crept, hour by hour, more heavily upon us. We had both detested the innocent pastime of reading aloud, but we even forced ourselves to that—only to find that the reader would soon grow silent, and would discover that his silence had not been observed.

But now there came upon me a sinister fear about which nothing was definite but the prophecy of evil. All one morning I tried to shake it off, but it was not to be resisted. That Dick felt it too I knew by his silence, the compression of his lips, his pallor, and the brooding look of his eyes, as he went about his queer self-appointed tasks. He had developed the sailor's habit of endless, useless tidying, and perpetually polished brass work or wood paneling, or shook and symmetrically folded every rug or garment within his reach.

Today he followed me about, duster or broom in an hand, in an obvious desire not to be alone—to which I quite responded. We were together in our little storeroom—I was trying to make a rough inventory of our supplies—when Mrs. Gately entered.

To my first glance she was radiant. "Good morning, people! Why are you poking down here? It's perfect on deck! I've spent the last two hours up there drying my hair. Doesn't it look nice?"

It looked very nice indeed, and I gladly told her so. Yet the chilly feeling about my heart and a certain heaviness in my throat began to increase. Glancing surreptitiously at Dick, I saw that he had sat down upon a heap of boxes and was eyeing her as if she were a wild animal whom one fears to be but half tamed.

"I've discovered," she beamed, "that nothing makes half as good a shampoo as Apollinaris—I don't think I shall ever use anything else!"

I saw now that her smiling mask was strained and hard, and her eyes cold. "You've never been using the Apollinaris for that!" I panted.

"Why, there's plenty of it, isn't there?" she carolled. "Or if there isn't, I can, I daresay, try Vichy—or even ginger ale!—there's loads of that—see here!" She slipped a hand behind her, drew out a bottle from the case against which she leaned—she must have known the position of our poor little store very thoroughly!—and tossed it against the opposite wall, where it smashed and fell upon the divan, its contents soaking into the soft cushions.

The act was so deliberate that its malevolence could not be doubted. I felt as if a jug of cold water had been emptied upon my scalp. I could not speak—I could not even look at Dick. "Neat, wasn't it?" she laughed. "Have another?" And a second bottle followed the first. "Au revoir, now—be sure to leave the Apollinaris where I can can get at it easily!" She ran out, but turned back to say: "Oh, by they way, if you find a shortage in the meat tinc you might remember that I've been trying some rather pretty experiments with them—it's too positively cunning to see them go down through that funny brown weed outside there!"

Left alone, Dick and I looked at each other in an absurd, wretched, futile silence. So this was her revenge! How horribly ingenious, how characteristic a thing, it was! How helpless we were against! What, perhaps, stung most was the misery, in such a place, and when we were so few, of being so bitterly hated.

But we were, at any rate, and for the time, thoroughly roused; we had now an object immediately before us, and our melancholy had fallen away, like a fog before a storm.

"We must do something!" were the first words I spoke.

"Yes, surely. We'll have to watch this place turn about."

"Oh, Dick—then we can't ever be on deck together!"

"Yes, that's true—but that woman—she plainly means what she—looked."

"Do you think she's —insane?"

He shrugged. "She certainly means business—and then she's awful! And then we can't take any chances on these things."

"But there must be more stuff somewhere."

"I daresay—but we don't know where, and that hold is no joke nowadays. And then we also don't know—" He stopped, but I knew that he kept himself from adding "how long they may have to last."

"We'll lock the door!"

"It doesn't lock; there's only the latch. But don't worry, dear, I can sleep here well enough."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. We'll get a lock from somewhere."

But it was a long time before we found, in a heap of debris, a huge staple with a padlock and chain, all very clumsy and covered with yellow rust. In the excitement of the search, which we had made together, we had quite forgotten the immediate need of caution, and had become very cheerful again, so that it was a shock, as we approached the store room door, to see Mrs. Gately come out hastily, flushed and smiling, and nod pleasantly to us as she tripped away. She had not wasted much time. On the floor, in a swimming, oozing mass lay a heap of broken glass, pickles, fruits, vegetables and sauces, beaten and stamped into a swimming, oozing, parti-colored mass. I could have cried at the sight, but Dick was only wanly amused.

"Better late than never! Find me a gimlet, that's a dear girl."

He fastened the staple, snapped the padlock, and gave the door a jerk. "There, I think we've blocked her little game this time! Now, let's go up for a breath or so—it's too sickening here."

"But this must be cleaned."

"Not now—leave it till tomorrow; we're neither of us in good trim now, and it won't be any worse then."

But we were quite wrong. We could not block Flossie Gately's little game with anything so little as a padlock. The next morning the door was closed, but the padlock hung, locked and futile, upon the knob, and unsightly holes marked the place of the staples, while the floor below was littered with tiny wooden chips. With wonderful patience, unassisted, apparently, save by the smallest of penknives, she had dug and scraped and wrenched—and got in.

Inside the floor was covered with a mass of debris. This time there was no broken glass; she had worked silently with tins which could be readily opened, with screw-top jars, and bottles whose tops were not wired. Together with all the mess of the day before, the whole place was horribly awash. Fully two-thirds of our provisions were wasted into the foul pestilence-pool. The sight was sickening, but the thought of the uncanny, silent, patient malignance which had brought it about sent the heart out of us. We looked at each other with white faces and strange, frightened eyes.

"What are we to do, Dick?" I besought him, but he only shook his head. "Well, it's got to be cleaned up!" was the only conclusion I could come to.

We brought mops and pails and brushes, and we swept and baled and scrubbed and carried sea-water, and long after our backs and knees and hands and hearts were aching we restored neatness to the place—and silently asked ourselves what we were to grapple with next.

"I'm afraid," said Dick, "that this means that we cannot leave this place alone again."

"Oh, Dick!"

"Oh, Polly!—I know, dear, it's tough, but one of us must stay here so long as we're afloat. And, even so, we can't tell what deviment she may be up to in some other part of the ship."

"Do you think she's mad?"

"Mad? No! She's only become a devil incarnate; some women—and some men—have the knack of going off that way. Mad? I only wish she were; I'd know what to do then."

"You mean you'd lock her up?" He nodded. "But won't we have to, anyway?"

He made a gesture of weariness. "Oh, not yet—not yet."

I looked at him; he was pale with anxiety and fatigue and the long strain of confinement and the mental miseries it had brought, and I felt myself seized with a new terror, so intense that it sent the blood leaping through my veins with the strength of the evil resolution to which it gave birth. If Flossie Gately's wickedness threatened to rob me of Dick, then she should pay for it.

(To Be Continued.)

Fights Anti-Trust Law

John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil company, who, when he heard the decision of the United States circuit court in St. Louis dealing the Standard such a blow, intimated that the decision would be the signal for a general onslaught on the Sherman anti-trust law at the next session of congress. He said the law had always been regarded by business men as a bad one.

GOOD CAR EFFICIENCY AND CAR SHORTAGE PROBLEM

The freight car surplus, which has persisted ever since the panic of 1907, has finally disappeared with the rush of traffic due to handling the fall crops, together with the business resulting from activity in the iron and steel industry and in building construction. In place of the car surplus, reports now come in of car shortage in various parts of the country.

There seems to be hope that the railways may give this matter of car shortage more intelligent consideration than it has received in the past. The splendid work of the American Railway association's committee on car efficiency, under direction of Mr. Arthur Hale, has made clear to railway officers that car shortage is as much affected by car efficiency as it is by the number of cars owned.

During the past two years, while there have been strings of idle cars ready to draw upon to fill shippers' orders, there has been no great incentive to work for high efficiency; but now that cars are in demand, it is up to the freight traffic managers to see how rapidly they can keep their equipment moving.

There has been a great deal of published discussion concerning the efforts of the railways to reduce the delays to cars on delivery tracks by the imposition of demurrage charges for each day the car is held by shippers beyond a fixed free time. No one who gives serious study to the subject can question that proper and reasonable demurrage rules and charges are as much to the interest of the general public and the shippers themselves as they are in the interest of the railway companies.

But there is a great opportunity to reduce delays in car movement after the car starts on its journey. The average miles per day traveled by the average freight car on the railways of the United States is only about 22 miles, according to the statistics of the car efficiency committee. If we exclude the idle cars from the total to obtain the movement, the average even then is only 25 miles. Taking average speed of freight trains on the road at 10 miles per hour, that means that the average freight car is moving on its journey only 2½ hours out of the 24. All the rest of the time it is standing idle in some yard or on some siding. Is it any wonder that freight yards are congested? Is it not a pertinent inquiry whether instead of building more cars and bigger yards to handle increased traffic, better results might not be attained by overhauling our methods of moving—and not moving—freight traffic, and finding some way to keep freight cars moving, so that they may reach their destination more promptly and get out of the yards where they are now held.

Not all the red tape is used in the departments at Washington by any means. At a recent meeting of the Western Railway club, an officer of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. pointed out how present car interchange rules delay car movement. The subject is far from being a new one, but it deserves more attention from railway managers than it has yet received. It is absurd on its face that a question between two railway companies as to which shall spend a dollar or so for repairs to a freight car should delay a carload of freight from 24 to 48 hours, and should cause, often, an actual expense of several dollars in idle car time and work by switching locomotives, to say nothing of yard congestion.

The fact is that the length of time occupied by the average railway freight shipment in its journey from sender to receiver is one of the most serious defects of American railway practice. When a shipment has to traverse the lines of several different companies and pass through important junctions, it is the usual thing to have a shipment take from one to three weeks to make a journey of as many hundred miles. Those who urge the superiority of water transportation to rail have good ground for their claim that, between important centers, freight sent by water will reach the consignee more promptly than that sent by rail. This delay in forwarding shipments not only means poor service to shippers, but added expense to the railways. It is the delay in handling freight that is responsible for crowded yards and transfer houses and low car efficiency. Prompt handling of small merchandise shipments by freight would transfer to the railways millions of dollars in business which now goes to the express companies.

It is very likely true that under American conditions we cannot expect to equal the prompt freight service of English railways where a parcel shipped by freight from Birmingham, for example, is delivered the next day in London. Our larger cars doubtless make it more difficult to handle small shipments promptly without loss through the movement of cars carrying small loads. But even though we cannot equal the English practice, there is room for us to do vastly better than is now done. Improvement in this matter ought to mean a saving in operating expenses. At least it might save a large outlay in increased rolling stock and enlarged freight yards which seem to be necessary if present methods are followed.—Engineering News.

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

One day a cry went up.

"Here's the scabs! Here they come!"

Word was sent immediately to the union's headquarters.

A body of twenty-odd men, carrying shovels and pickaxes and dinner-pails, moved toward the gates. At their head was Bennington himself. He placed the great key in the lock and swung the gates inward. The men passed in quickly. Bennington was last. He turned for a moment and gazed calmly at the threatening faces of the strikers. An impulse came to him.

"Men," he said, "up to 1 o'clock this noon these gates will be open to you. Each of you can take up your work where you left it, at the same wages, at the same hours. This is the last chance. Later you will learn that you have been betrayed."

"How about Chittenden?"

"Chittenden will return at the same time you do."

"The hell he will! Let him show his British face here, and we'll change it so his mother won't know it."

Bennington went inside and shut the gates. There was nothing more to be done. He did not slam the gates insolently, as some men would have done; he simply shut them.

This event was also reported at headquarters. That afternoon all the strikers were out in force. They congregated in groups and talked angrily. Two policemen patrolled up and down. Bennington had had some difficulty in securing even these. The men waited for the first sign of smoke from the chimneys, but none came. No one was lighting the furnaces; there was no possible excuse as yet for deeds of violence, though many of the more turbulent element urged riot at once. What was the use of waiting? In the afternoon there appeared some fifty more strange men. These carried tool bags. They were challenged. They ignored the challenge and pushed on resolutely. For the first time blows were struck. The leader whirled around.

"Look here, men, you're making a big mistake. Your fists won't help you. We are going inside, and if we can't go in peaceably, why, we'll break some heads to get in. We have all been sworn in legally as deputy police, and if we start in to break heads we promise to do it thoroughly."

"What are you going to do in there?" demanded Morrissy.

"None of your business, for one thing," answered the burly spokesman of the interlopers. "I'll add this much, if it will ease your minds: nobody's going to step into your jobs; when you went out you left your jobs behind."

"So you fellows are what they call strikebreakers, are you?" asked Morrissy wrathfully.

"Oh, we aren't going to break your strike, my friend. You can call this a strike as long as you please, so far as we're concerned. We've got work to do here, though, and we are going to do it."

"Are you union men?"

"Not so you'd notice it," was the cool reply.

"All right. You fellows won't be here long."

"Stop us if you can. Now, stand aside!" commanded the stranger menacingly.

"Let 'em by, men," cried Morrissy. "Don't touch 'em yet. You just leave it to me. I know a way and a good one, too. You just leave it to me."

The angry strikers divided ranks and the strangers entered the shops.

Morrissy directed his steps to McQuade's office, and together they paid a visit to the mayor.

"Look here, Donnelly, did you permit Bennington to swear in deputy police?" asked McQuade.

"Deputy police? Bennington has no deputy police from this place," answered Donnelly hotly.

"Well, all we know is that he has them," snapped Morrissy.

"Then he has gone directly to the governor."

"The governor?"

McQuade and Morrissy looked at each other blankly.

"He has that prerogative," said Donnelly.

"But he wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, yes, he would. It's his last term; he is without further political ambition; he can act as he pleases, in the face of public condemnation. There's one thing left, though."

"What?"

"Injunction," said Donnelly tersely. "With Republican judges on the benches?" replied McQuade ironically. "And you can't enjoin private property," added Morrissy.

"I'll send for Bennington," Donnelly volunteered. "Perhaps I can talk him into reason."

"It's up to you to block this move somehow," said McQuade. "It means the labor vote. And we've got to have that."

"I'll do the best I can. I can stop his permit to tear down the building if he really intends to do that."

"It will be a good day's work for you."

"I'll act this very afternoon."

Once outside the mayor's office, McQuade turned to Morrissy.

"Where's that receipt you promised on oath?"

"Haven't you got it?" asked Morrissy, feigning surprise.

"No, and I doubt you sent it. But I want it at once, and no more monkeying."

"Well, I sent it. I mailed it to your office. You've overlooked it."

"Come over to my office now and make it out," McQuade insisted.

"You've got plenty of grips on me without that," protested Morrissy reproachfully.

"But I want this one, and I'm going to have it."

"I'll go to your office. Will Donnelly be game?"

"He will if he knows which side his bread is buttered on," contemptuously.

The two went up to McQuade's office. It was deserted.

"The girl's gone this afternoon," said McQuade, "but I can handle the typewriter myself."

"All I've got to say is that I mailed you a receipt. What do you want it for?" with a final protest.

"I've got an idea in my head, Morrissy. I want that receipt. Some day you may take it into your head to testify that I offered you a thousand to bring on the strike at Bennington's. That would put me in and let you out, because I can't prove that I gave the cash to you. Business is business."

"Hell! Any one would think, to hear you talk, that I had threatened to betray."

"Every man to his own skin," replied McQuade philosophically. He then sat down before the typewriter. There were two blank sheets in the roller, with a carbon between. The girl had left her machine all ready for the morrow's work. McQuade picked out his sentence laboriously.

"There, sign that."

The paper read:

"I, James Morrissy, the undersigned, do hereby declare that I have received $1,000, in two sums of $500 each, from Daniel McQuade, these sums being payment agreed upon for my bringing about the strike at the Bennington shops."

Morrissy looked at the boss incredulously.

"I say, Mac, have you gone crazy?" he cried. "Do you want evidence like this lying around in your safe? It's the penitentiary for both of us if any one finds that."

"I know what I am doing," McQuade responded quietly, as indeed he did.

"But look; you've got the strike and I've got the cash; that makes us quits."

"Sign it," was all McQuade replied to this argument.

"All right. What's bad for me is bad for you," and without further ado Morrissy affixed his fist to the sheet.

"Here's the duplicate for you."

Morrissy lighted a match and set fire to the sheet; he stamped on the ashes with grim satisfaction.

"Not for mine," with a laugh. "You're welcome to yours."

McQuade folded his deliberately and put it away in the safe. The sheet of carbon paper he crumpled into a ball and tossed into the wastebasket. We all commit blunders at one time or another, and McQuade had just committed his.

"That's all, Morrissy. I think I can trust you fully. I mean no harm, boy; 'tis only self-preservation."

"Oh, so long as your name's on it there's no kick coming from me; only I never saw you do such a fool thing before. Anything else today?"

"No. You might keep tab on that fool Bolles. He's been drunk ever since he came back from New York. And he doesn't know how to keep his mouth shut."

"I'll keep an eye on him."

"He's the only man we have who can handle the dagos. I'll see you up at Dutch hall tonight. Donnelly is making a speech there, and we'll open a few kegs of beer for the boys."

When Morrissy was gone McQuade laughed softly and went to the safe again. He proceeded to do to his receipt exactly what Morrissy had done to his—burn it. So long as Morrissy believed that McQuade held his signature, so long might Morrissy be trusted. It was only an idea, but it proved that the boss knew his lieutenants tolerably well.

"The blackleg would sell the tomb off his father's grave," he mused, brushing the ashes from his clothes.

Let Bennington rip up his shops; all the better for Donnelly's chance of re-election. The laboring party would be sure to desert Warrington's standard, since he was a personal and intimate friend of Bennington the oppressor. He laughed again sinisterly. Presently he would have them all by the throats. He would watch them squirm, too. This young fool Warrington; he was the first real obstacle he (McQuade) had encountered in his checkered career. Threats could not move him. He had believed, at the start, that he could scare him away from the convention, but the fool wouldn't be scared. And his damned dog!

"He'll never reach the City Hall, not while I live, damn his impudence! That woman, though, is no fool. She's kept her mouth shut. They don't always do that. Well, I can write more than receipts on the machine. I'll ruin them both if I can. Ordered me out of the house, and I honestly liked the woman! But I'll square accounts presently."

Meanwhile Donnelly set the wires humming. He finally got Bennington at the shops.

"This is Mr. Bennington. Who is it and what is wanted?"

"This is the mayor talking."

"Oh! Well, what is it, Mr. Donnelly?"

"I must see you at once in my office. This is an urgent request. I can't explain the matter over the wire. But you'll do yourself and me a great favor if you'll come into town at once."

"Very important?"

"Extremely so."

"I shall be there at 5 o'clock."

"Thanks. I shall await you. Donnelly hung up the receiver, very well satisfied.

Bennington understood. Politics was going to take a hand in the game. After all, it was best to take the bull by the horns at once and have it over with. He knew how well he had fortified himself against any political machinery. So, promptly at a quarter to 5, he departed, leaving explicit orders with his subordinates. The strikers moved aside for him, muttering and grumbling, but they made no effort to impede his progress. There were groans and catcalls, but that was all. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but presented his back to them fearlessly. Chittenden, upon Bennington's advice, had gone to New York. The strikers would have used him roughly, could they have laid hands on him.

Arriving in town, Bennington went at once to the city hall and straight to the mayor's private office.

"Well, Mr. Donnelly?" he began, his hat on his handsome head and his cane behind his back, neither offensive nor defensive.

Donnelly closed the door leading to the clerk's office and came back to his desk. He waved his hand toward a chair. If he could bend this young hot-head, it would be a victory worth while, politically.

"In the first place, Mr. Bennington, aren't you going a little too hard on the men?"

"That was their lookout; they had every chance to think the matter over, to examine all sides of the question."

"You went personally to the governor for deputy police. Why didn't you come to me?"

"The governor is a personal friend of mine?"

"I don't believe that I have been found lacking in justice," said Donnelly thoughtfully.

"I can't say that you have. But I was in a hurry, and could not wait for the local machinery to move."

"You have placed armed men in your shops without a justifiable cause."

"The men are mechanics, sworn in for their own self-protection."

Donnelly saw that he was making no impression.

"These men, then, are to tear down your shops?" not without admiration.

"Well, they are there to dismantle it."

"That building must not go down, Mr. Bennington.

"'Must not?' Do I understand you to say 'must not?'"

"Those words exactly."

"It is private property, Mr. Donnelly; it was not organized under corporation laws."

"You cannot destroy even private property, in a city, without a legal permit."

"I have that."

"And I shall call a special meeting of the common council to rescind your permit."

"Do so. I shall tear it down, nevertheless. I shall do what I please

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with what is my own." Bennington balanced on his heels.

"The law is there."

"I shall break it, if needs says must," urbanely.

Donnelly surveyed the end of his dead cigar.

"The men will become violent."

"Their violence will in no wise hinder me, so long as they confine it to the shops. Even then I shall call upon you for police protection."

"And if I should not give it?"

"Just now I am sure you will. For the mayor of Herculaneum to refuse me my rights would be a nice morsel for the Republican party."

Donnelly passed over this.

"I wish to protect the rights of the workman, just as you wish to protect yours."

"What are the workman's rights?" Donnelly did not reply.

"Well, I'll reply for you, then. His right is to sell his labor to the highest bidder; his right is to work where he pleases; for what hours he desires; his right is to reject abusive employers and to find those congenial; his right is to produce as little or as much as he thinks best; his right is to think for himself, act for himself; to live for himself."

"You admit all this, then?" asked Donnelly in astonishment.

"I have never so much as denied a single right that belongs to the workman."

"Then what the devil is all this row about?"

"If the workman has his rights, shall not the employer have his?"

Donnelly mused. He would not be able to do anything with this plain-spoken man.

"But the workman steps beyond. He has no right to dictate to his employer as to what his rights shall be. Where there is no amity between capital and labor there is never any justice; one or the other becomes the despot. The workman has his rights but these end where the other man's rights begin. He shall not say that another man shall not seek work, shall not sell his labor for what he can get; he has no right to forbid another man's choosing freedom; he has no right to say that a manufacturer shall produce only so much."

"Well, I've only to say," said Donnelly, hedging before this clear argument, "I've only to say, if the men become violent, look out for yourself."

"I shall appeal to you for civic or military protection; if you refuse it, to the governor; if politics there interferes, I shall appeal to Washington, where neither your arm nor McQuade's can reach. I understand the causes back of this strike; they are personal, and I'm man enough to look out for myself. But if politics starts to work, there will be a trouble to settle in the courts. You may not know the true cause of this strike, Mr Donnelly, but I do. The poor deluded men believe it to be the English inventor, but he is only a blind. Had you really wished to do me a favor, you would have spoken to the men before they went out on this silly strike. But I am master of what is mine, and I shall tear down that building. I shall tolerate no interference from any man. The workman has his rights; this is one of my rights, and I intend to use it."

"It's your business. If you are fool enough to kill a golden goose, it's no affair of mine. But I shall rescind your permit, however. I believe it to be my duty."

"Call your council together, Mr. Donnelly. You can not get a quorum together earlier than tomorrow night; and by that time I shall have the work done. You say you will not afford me protection. Very well; if the men become violent and burn the shops, I shall be relieved of the expense of tearing them down. Good afternoon."

Donnelly sat in his chair for a quarter of an hour, silent and thoughtful. Suddenly he slapped his thigh.

"I don't know what McQuade has against that man, but, by the Lord! he is a man!"

That night the strikers received several bottles of whisky and a keg of beer. The source of these gifts was unknown. Some of the more thoughtful were for smashing the stuff, but the turbulent majority overruled them. They began to drink and jest. They did so with impunity. For some reason the police had been withdrawn. The hammering inside the shops puzzled them, but they still clung to the idea that all this clamor was only a ruse to frighten them into surrendering. From the interior the pounding gradually approached as far as the walls of the courtyard. At midnight one of these walls went thundering to the ground. A few minutes later another fell. The strikers grouped together, dismayed.

"By God, boys," one of them yelled, "he's tearing it down!"

In that moment, and only then, did they realize that they had been dealing with a man whose will and word were immutable. They saw all their dreams of triumph vanish in the dust that rose from the crumbling brick and plaster. And dismay gave way to rage. It would only be helping Bennington to riot and burn the shops, so now to maim and kill the men who, at him, were tearing down these walls.

"Come on, boys! We'll help the scabs finish the work! Come on!"

There was now a great breach in the wall. Men moving to and fro could be seen. The strikers snatched up bricks and clubs and dashed toward this. But ere they had set foot on the rubbish they stopped. Half a dozen resolute men faced them. They were armed.

"That's far enough, boys," warned a powerful voice. "I told you we have all been sworn in as deputy police, with all the laws of the state back of us. The first man that steps across that pile of bricks will go to the hospital, the second man to the undertaker."

CHAPTER XVII.

Ah, the vanity of Dawn! Like a Venus she rises from her bath of opalescent mists and dons a gown of pearl. But this does not please the coquette. Her fancy turns from pearl to green, to amber, to pink, to blue and gold and rose, an inexhaustible wardrobe. She blushes, she frowns, she hesitates; she is like a woman in love. She casts abroad her dewy jewels on the leaves, the blades of grass, the tangled laces of the spiders, the drab cold stones. She ruffles the clouds on the face of the sleeping waters; she sweeps through the forests with a low whispering sound, taking a tithe of the resinous perfumes. Always and always she decks herself for the coming of Phoebus, but, woman-like, at first sight of him turns and flies.

Dawn is the most beautiful of all the atmospheric changes, but the vision is a rarity to the majority of us.

Warrington was up and away on his hunter before Phoebus sent his warning flashing over the hills. He took the now familiar road, and urged the animal vigorously. Fine! Not a bit of dust rose from the road. dew-wet and brown. The rime of the slight frost shone from the fences and grasses and stacked corn, like old age that strikes in a single night. Here and there a farmer could be seen puttering about the yards, or there was a pale curl of smoke rising from the chimney. The horse, loving these chill, exhilarating October mornings, went drumming along the road. Occasionally Warrington would rise in the stirrups and gaze forward over this elevation or that, and sometimes behind him. No. For three mornings he had ridden out this old familiar way, but alone. The hunger in his eyes remained unsatisfied.

For the first time in years he turned into a certain familiar fork in the road, and all his youth came back to him as vividly as though it had been but yesterday. Half a mile up this fork was the rambling old farmhouse. It was unchanged. The clapboards were still stained with rust, the barns were still a dingy red, the stone and rail fences needed the same repairs. Nothing had changed there but the masters. And under that roof he had made his first feeble protest against life; he had dreamed those valiant dreams of youth that never come true, no matter how successful one may become in after life. Every waking means an illusion gone, another twig pruned from the tree of ardent fancy; and when one is old there is neither shade nor shelter.

Warrington stopped his horse. He had no desire to ride closer; he could see everything well enough from where he sat. Rosy apples twinkled in the orchard on the hill, and golden pumpkins glistened afield, for by now Phoebus had come to his own. How many dawns had he seen from yonder windows, in summer and winter, in autumn and spring? How many times had he gone dreaming to the markets over this road? It was beyond counting. Had any of those particular dreams come true? Not that he could recollect, for he had never dreamed of being a successful dramatist; that good fortune had been thrust upon him. He tried to picture his father walking toward the fields; it was too remote. His mother? Of her he could recollect positively nothing. But the aunt, he saw her everywhere—in the garden, in the doorway, in the window, by the old well. Now she was culling hollyhocks along the stone wall, now she was coming down the hill with an apron filled with apples, now she was canning preserves and chili sauce in the hot kitchen, or the steel-rimmed spectacles were shining over the worn pages of the New Testament at night.

What was the use? Today is alien to yesterday; an hour separates as definitely as eternity. There was nothing there for him; so he wheeled and rode back toward the city, conning over a speech he was to make that night. Since Patty had not ridden this way, the zest of the morning's ride was gone. Which road did she take now? To the west, to the south, to the north round the lake? Twice the night before he had started for the telephone to inquire, but had not taken down the receiver. Was he afraid? He could not say. And afraid of what? Still less could he tell. Three months ago he had called her Patty, had jested and laughed with her; and now he hesitated to call her up by telephone. No, he was not afraid of Patty; he was simply afraid of himself. For he realized this—that in the moments he spoke to her alone his love would spring from his lips like a torrent; nothing could stop it; and he was not of that supreme courage at present that spurs the lover to put it to the touch to win or lose it all.

So, then, he rode back to the city, hugging his doubt and his love, with frequent lucid intervals that were devoted to his forthcoming speech. When the battle was over, when he had won or lost, then he would go to her and rink the cup, bitter or sweet.

Patty had not spent the night in comfort; her head had rolled from one pillow to another, and the cases were not always dry. Indeed, it had been some time since she had pressed her cheek tranquilly upon a pillow. Night is either sweetest or most wretched; one spends it recounting one's joys or one's sorrows. Patty was unhappy; and leave it to youth to gain the full meed of misery. Youth has not the philosophy of matured age to cast into the balance. Satisfaction in this workaday world is only momentary. One is never wholly satisfied; there is always some hidden barb. The child wears the mother's skirts enviously while the mother mourns her youth. Expectation leads up to the dividing line of life, and from there retrospection carries us to the end. Experience teaches us that fire burns and that water quenches; beyond this we have learned but little.

This morning Patty was up with the dawn. She did not trouble to wake the groom, but saddled and bridled the horse herself. She mounted and rode quietly into the street. She did not glance at Warrington's house while approaching or passing it, but once she had left it in the rear she turned quickly, flushing as if she had caught herself in some weakness. She directed the horse toward the west, crossing the city before she reached the open country. Here the west wind, young and crisp, blew away the last vestige of heaviness from her eyes. She urged the horse into a canter and maintained this gait for a mile or more. Then she reined in to a walk.

Three weeks! And all this time she had not even breathed a word of it, but had hugged the viper to her heart in silence. She dropped the reins on the neck of the horse and took a letter from the pocket of her riding coat. How many times had she read it? How many times had fury and rage and despair flashed from her eyes as she read it? She hated him; she hated her. There was neither honesty nor goodness in the world; those who preached it lied. Yes, yes! There was one, John, dear, noble John, he at any rate was honest. Butit wasall acting on her part, acting, acting. She had married John as a convenience; she had made use of his honest love as a cloak. The despicable creature And yet, when in her presence, so great was her charm and magnetism, Patty doubted. After all, it was an anonymous letter, and nothing is more vile. But who can say to this viper Doubt—"Vanish!" It goes, it goes again and again; which is to say it always returns. Long ago she would have confronted her brother's wife with this letter, had not John been in the heart of his battle at the shops. For the present he had enough trouble. And yet, to see that woman with John, an angel might be deceived. To see her weep and laugh over him, to see her touch him with her hands, to caress him with her eyes, to be tender and strong at his side. . . . Could anybody be so wicked? True, her transgression had been made, according to this letter, before John had married her; but this lessened the enormity of it none in Patty's eyes.

"Oh, I was so happy, and now I am so miserable!" murmured the girl, pressing her hand to her throat, which seemed to stifle her.

She read the letter again, through blurred vision. It was horrible.

"One who takes a deep interest in your future welfare finds it a duty to warn you against Richard Warrington, for whom it is being said you have developed a strong sentiment. It is well known that he drank deeply at one time and lived the life of a debauchee. Beware of the woman, also, whom you call sister. The writer does not offer anything detrimental to her married life, but it is known that she was practically Warrington's mistress before she married your splendid brother. She was seen frequently to enter his apartments at night, and the writer can furnish abundant proof that she was seen to leave his apartments one morning. This is not penned with malice. It is simply that the writer knows and admires you and can not stand passively by and see you humiliated by the attentions of a man who is unworthy to lace your shoes. As for your sister-in-law, I have no desire to meddle. Confront both her and Warrington, if the truth of the above statement is doubted by you."

Upon these last words depended Patty's attitude. It must be true. Whoever had written this abominable letter could write plain English, despite the disguised hand. Patty recognized that it was disguised. The capitals differed, so did the tails of the y's and f's; the backhand slant was not always slanting, but frequently leaned toward the opposite angle. She had but to confront them! It seemed simple; but to bring herself to act upon it! She reviewed all the meetings between Kate and Warrington. Never had her eyes discerned evidence of anything other than frank good-fellowship. She searched painfully; there was not a single glance, a single smile upon which she could build a guilty alliance. And yet this writer affirmed. . . .

Oh, it was monstrous! Those rumors she had heard months ago! The telephone call from McQuade! Ah, that telephone call! Had Kate been guilty would she have confieded to her, Patty? She seemed to be pulled, now forward now backward. McQuade knew something, the wretch! but what? This letter had never been written by him. A man would have used a pronoun, third person, masculine; he would have shown some venom back of the duplicity that affirmed an interest in her welfare.

The tears dried quickly; the heat of her renewed rage burned them up. She set about to do something she had not thought of doing before—investigating. She held the note-paper to the sun. The water-mark of a fashionable paper manufacturer was easily observable. Men did not write on that brand. So much gained. Then she recalled a French play in which a perfume had convicted a person of theft. She held the envelope to her nose; nothing, not even tobacco. She tried the letter itself. Ah, here was something tangible; heliotrope, vague, but perceptible. Who among her friends used heliotrope on her kerchief? She could not remember; in fact, any or all of them might have worn it, so far as she could recall. She would go over her invitations and visitors' cards; she would play detective; she would ferret out as a spy who took this amiable interest in her future. The determination brightened her considerably. And woe to the meddler if Patty found her! If it was a baseless lie (and she hoped against hope in her loyal little heart!) she would make a pariah of the writer of this particular anonymous letter. True or not, what was it to her? What right had she to interfere? She was cowardly; of that Patty was certain. True, friends are the last in the world to inflict sorrow upon us. Kith and kin may stab us, but never the loyal friend. Now that she thought it all over, she was glad that she had repeatedly fought the impulse to lay the matter before her sister. She would trace this letter home first; she would find out upon what authority it was written; there would be time enough after that to confront Kate, or Warrington, or John. Ah, if she had stepped forward in the dark, to wreck her brother's life needlessly. . . . Heliotrope! She would never forget that particular odor, never. She had a good idea of justice, and she recognized the fact that any act on her part, against either Kate or Warrington, before she found the writer of the letter, would be rank injustice. Persons cannot defend themselves against anonymous letters; they can only ignore them.

She touched her horse again. She was now in feverish haste to get home. She took the turn of the road which presently brought her in the vicinity of the shops. It was practically in ruins. The courtyard walls were all down, the building itself was totally empty of ore or machinery. Bennington had disposed of these to Pennsylvanian concerns. Patty rode up in time to see half a dozen urchins throwing stones at the few window panes that were still unbroken. She dispersed them angrily, and they gathered at the side of the road, open-mouthed and wide-eyed at the picture of this avenging angel.

"How dare you throw stones at those windows? How dare you?" she cried passionately.

After a while one of the lads found his voice.

"Why, nobody's in it. The man what owns it tored the insides outen it. 'Tain't no harm what we're doin'. Hey, fellers?"

"Naw. The cops don't say nothin'. An' my old man used to work there."

She saw that they were no more than ordinary boys to whom the panes of glass in a deserted building were legitimate prey.

"So your father was one of the strikers?" said Patty, her lips thinning. "Why did he strike?"

"I don't know; 'cause the others struck, I guess. They was an English lobster workin' without bein' in my old man's union. Mebbe that was it. Anyhow, we don't care; the old man's got another job."

With this the boys climbed the fence and moved across the field, mutely rebellious, like puppies baffled in their pursuit of a cat.

(To Be Continued.)

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

SECRET WORKER

The Plan Upon Which Coffee Operates.

Coffee is such a secret worker that it is not suspected as the cause of sickness or disease, but there is a very sure way to find out the truth.

A lady in Memphis gives an interesting experience her husband had with coffee. It seems that he had been using it for some time and was an invalid.

The physician in charge shrewdly suspected that coffee was the "Worm at the root of the tree," and ordered it discontinued with instructions to use Postum regularly in its place.

The wife says: "We found that was the true remedy for his stomach and heart trouble and we would have gladly paid a hundred times the amount of the doctor's charge when we found how wise his judgment was.

"The use of Postum instead of coffee was begun about a year ago, and it has made my husband a strong, well man. He has gained thirty-five pounds in that time and his stomach and heart trouble have all disappeared.

"The first time I prepared it I did not boil it long enough and he said there was something wrong with it. Sure enough it did taste very flat, but the next morning I followed directions carefully, boiling it for fifteen minutes, and he remarked 'this is better than any of the old coffee.'

"We use Postum regularly and never tire of telling our friends of the benefit we have received from leaving off coffee."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE

OF HUNDREDS

To Repeat His Offer of Oct. 21st in The Toledo Blade

I have been so moved the past few weeks by the gratitude of The Toledo Blade Readers that decided to make again the offer which I made in the Oct. 21 issue. This is what I said: "I am going to **Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it.**

The letters of request poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction—Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer, for you have cured me of Deafness."

Deafness Treatment Free

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of The Toledo Blade: "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want to have the same opportunity to help again. **Write today for my treatment for Deafness.**

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and **send for treatment.** It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. My treatment restored their hearing.

Write today, for a Free Deafness Treatment, to **Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by *Bad Bowels*—No difference. Constipation and *dead* liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—*CASCARETS* regulate—*cure* Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use *CASCARETS*, Life Saver!

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month. 882

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of The Blade tell what causes a cow's milk to be bitter? Our cow began giving bitter milk about Christmas time last year. She was fresh in April following. She will be fresh again next May, but about a month ago her milk began growing bitter. She is in good health. I would be glad to hear from some one.—V., Hightown, Va.

Will some reader of the Farmstead columns kindly tell me if there is anything that I can put around the roots of Cherry trees in the fall that will insure a good crop of cherries?—C., Mount Clare, W. Va.

KIDNEY WORMS

S., Williamsfield, Ohio: Your hogs may be troubled with kidney worms. Try one or two teaspoonfuls of turpentine in one-half pint of sweet milk once a day. I think this will be effective. Be sure to give them dry bedding.—M., Marcelona, Mich.

S.'s hogs have an affection of the kidneys. This is my remedy: Bathe their backs over the kidneys heavily with turpentine a few times and they will come out all right.—C., Holgate, Ohio.

QUACK GRASS

D., Kalamazoo, Mich.: In regard to killing quack grass, I see that the Wisconsin and Minnesota experiment stations claim that to let the grass grow up well in the spring without disturbance until June, and then thoroughly plow and disc the ground and sow two bushels of buckwheat per acre will choke the grass entirely. Also to spray with diluted sulphuric acid will have the same effect.—M., Marcelona, Mich.

THE CARE OF GOLD FISH

Somebody recently asked for information in regard to the care of gold fish through the winter. The fish should have plenty of pure, fresh air, and if the globe is small, the water should be changed every day; if the globe is large, every two days would be sufficient. The water should be kept at an even temperature, similar to that maintained during the summer time. Do not feed too much. There is danger of getting them too fat, and the result is death. If they seem sick at any time take them out of the globe and put them in a little weak salt water, and leave them there a short time, and then put them back in the globe. Well water is the best kind to use. Small shells and gravel are good in the bottom of the globe.—T., Lincoln, Ill.

SOLDERING FLUID

S., Anton, Ky.: Take one ounce of muriatic acid (commercial) and put into an earthen cup and dissolve as much sheet zinc as it will take up readily; then skim the dross off the top and put in a piece of sal ammoniac the size of a walnut. This can be used in soldering copper, brass, iron or steel. Dilute one-half water for tin.—M., Marcelona, Mich.

CHRONIC HEAVES

F., Monterey, Ind.: There is no sure cure for a chronic case or heaves. Your best plan is to sell the horse for what he is worth; or, if that does not agree with your conscience, give him the following treatment: Five grains of arsenic once every 24 hours for two weeks, then omit a week and give on an ascending scale a small horse give four grains instead of five; for a very large horse, six. Heaves are caused by a weak condition of a nerve, and anything you can do to relieve this will help the horse. Feed well and get him in good condition, but give very little rough feed, and even oat straw is best cut fine and made moist.—B., Apple Creek, Ohio.

SCOURING CALVES

F., Crow Summit, W. Va.: In five years' experience with calves I have never had a case of scours. Give your calves a clean, dry, warm place, with plenty of light. If feeding milk, give it to them sweet (never sour) at a uniform temperature, best lukewarm, but always the same. See that the pails are as clean as can be, and do not feed them at a regular hour. Feed nice, bright hay and plenty of it. Give your middlings to the pigs and substitute shelled corn; and don't be afraid to let them have access to pure cold water at all times. Give three drachms of carbonate of soda once daily to each calf, in boiled wheat flour gruel. When the symptoms disappear cease giving the medicine.—B., Apple Creek, Ohio.

THE CARE OF FOOD

In the buying, storing, and handling of food it is important that we realize the causes of what is called the spoiling of food. And the knowledge that the spoiling is due to yeasts, molds, and bacteria is comparatively recent.

Countless numbers of tiny living things called micro-organisms are everywhere found which will grow in the food man has prepared for his own use and cause it to spoil. These microscopic plants flourish in the kitchen, storeroom, ice box, milk room, and cellar. With the most of these minute forms of life are harmless, under usual conditions; some are useful, like those which ripen milk; and many are harmful, since they cause waste or may be a direct cause of disease.

Not only do yeasts, molds, and bacteria appropriate our food, but this result that it sours, rots or putrefies, but they sometimes leave behind disagreeable consequences like the musty and moldy odor and flavor of some spoiled foods, or the substances called ptomaines, which are sometimes poisonous.

Not until millions of yeast cells are massed together do they become visible to the eye as in the compressed yeast cake. Yeast plants are practically everywhere and are of many varieties, some being called wild yeasts, in distinction from those we have learned to cultivate for the making of bread. The old-fashioned method of making milk-rising or salt-rising bread depended on wild yeast falling into dough and causing the bread to rise, a method not always successful, because other organisms, the bacteria, also had a chance at the dough, and sometimes got the better of the yeast in the struggle for food, and the result of their life in the dough was sour or bitter bread.

Even when we are able to utilize the life process of the yeast plant, its good offices are paid for with a certain amount of food material; thus, when introduced into the bread dough it breaks up part of the sugar present into alcohol and carbonic-acid gas, and the gas stretches out in the glutinous mass, making the porous loaf which at the right moment is stiffened by the heat of the oven.

In the same way the wild yeast attacks the sugar in the stewed fruit that has stood exposed on a warm day or the jelly left uncovered, or sometimes even when apparently covered, only in these cases the gas evolved serves no useful purpose and the fermentation ruins the taste of the food. Yeasts grow best at a temperature of 70 degrees to 90 degrees F., therefore, food that is to be protected from their action must be kept well below that point.

The appearance of mold as growing on bread, cheese, and other foods is familiar to every housewife. The spores of the different varieties of mold are everywhere present, and they need only warmth and moisture to enable them to grow on many kinds of food. These organisms are always at work in damp cellars and in dark and damp corners of rooms; they are borne on the feet of insects, they are on the skins of all fruits, and in the dust flying in the air. They are not fond of light and they require no great abundance of air, flourishing best in foods that are piled close together, leaving small, undisturbed air spaces and moisture.

The growth of most molds is retarded by light, ventilation, and low temperature.

From the standpoint of household sanitation, bacteria are the most important of these micro-organisms. They are very widely distributed; the soil teems with them; they are in the air, in water, and in all food exposed to dust and air.

In some foods bacteria in the early stages of their action leave no disagreeable or unhealthful effects, so far as yet proved. Meat is in some measure ripened by bacterial action, and the "gamey" taste given meat by "hanging" comes in part from the same cause, though in both cases the changes are chiefly due to the action of ferments normally present. It is not easy to draw the line between the harmless ripening processes and the bacterial changes classed as decay, but if the bacteria are allowed to grow without hindrance the time comes when the food, either animal or vegetable, attacked by bacteria breaks up into a loathsome mass.

The food may become dangerous even before it shows outward signs of decomposition, for the bacteria may give off substances known as ptomaines, some of which are very poisonous to man. Certain sparingly dangerous cases of illness have been traced to such causes, and milk, fish, meat, cheese, baked beans, ice cream, and other foods have all been found responsible for food poisoning. This sort of poisoning is not a true bacterial disease; that is, it is not due, as is typhoid fever, to the growth of an organism in the body, but the illness results from the introduction into the system of poisonous substances already formed in the food by the bacteria.

A new meaning for the scrubbing, airing, and sunning that for many generations have been practiced by good housekeepers, together with good reasons for the need of other precautions to be taken for home sanitation, will be found in Farmer's Bulletin 375, "Care of Food in the Home," just issued by the U. S. department of agriculture.

GROWTH OF BACTERIA

Milk in the udder of a cow is formed entirely free from bacteria. It should be remembered, however, that an injury so slight that it would escape detection might be sufficient to allow the passage of bacteria. But even if milk is secreted bacteria free, it is difficult to obtain it perfectly sterile. Bacteria work their way into milk through the opening of the teat and find there conditions where they can grow and multiply. This growth is ordinarily confined to the lower part of the udder, and the greater number of the bacteria are washed out with the first few streams of milk. Sometimes they find their way further up and the last milk contains as many bacteria as the first.

The real contamination occurs after the milk has left the udder. In spite of careful milking, dirt, particles of dust, hairs and even bits of manure may fall into the milk. All of these things carry more or less contamination. Manure usually contains large numbers of bacteria, many of them being kinds which produce undesirable changes in the milk, and the dust on the stable floors contains great numbers and varieties of bacteria. This dust soon settles and an open milk pail catches a surprisingly large number.

But the contamination does not end here. The pails or cans may not be properly cleaned and the corners or seams may hold particles of dirt or sour milk. The cloth through which the milk is strained may not have been properly scalded and the bacteria not only not destroyed, but have actually multiplied in the damp cloth. When the strainer is used again, many of these bacteria are washed out by the milk.

If a cooler is used, it may add to the contamination if it is placed so that it catches dust. Finally the bottles in which the milk is distributed may not have been properly washed and steamed and thus may become another source of contamination. The contamination from each individual source may be small, but taken all together it has a serious influence on the quality of the milk. If right precautions are taken the number of bacteria in fresh milk may be kept down to a few hundred to the cubic centimeter; with careful milking and handling, the number will vary greatly with circumstances and may exceed 100,000.

KEEP YOUR HEIFERS

The only way to have good cows, unless you are prepared to pay an enormous price for them, is to grow your own heifers and make the best cows you can from them.

Get the best cows or heifers you can to begin with, and begin to breed in some definite line, and stick to that line. If you want Jerseys, then breed your cows and heifers to a pure bred Jersey bull; if you like the Holstein, breed to a full blooded Holstein bull, and stick to that breed till you have grades that will look like pure breeds and produce like them. Your first cross with a pure bred bull and common cows will be a half-blood. Breed again to a pure bred male in the same line, the second generation will be three-quarters pure, and so on indefinitely. In a surprisingly short time you will have a dairy herd with so much good blood and quality in it that all of your cows will have distinct character, similar markings common to the breed you have chosen. They will increase in their production, and your surplus females will be as salable as flour or meat, at from two to three times as much as could be secured for common or mixed stock.

The writer is now breeding common grade mixed breed cows to a pure bred Holstein bull of merit, and all of the calves at the first breeding are so strongly marked with Holstein characteristics that one would take all of them for pure breds at a short distance. Calves three-fourths pure can scarcely be detected from pure breds. We have already been offered for yearling heifers four and five times as much as a common heifer would bring, but we are keeping ours for future breeding and further improvement.

Large dairies are starting up all over the country, in nearly every state in the Union. These new dairies find it difficult to purchase anything but the commonest of scrub cows, which, as we all know, seldom pay their way. They have got to breed up from these common cows in order to get what they want. The small farmer, with dairying as a side line to his general farming, can make good money by breeding along definite dairy lines, to supply heifers for the new dairies that are starting up. There is also a strong demand for good grade heifers of any of the dairy breeds from small farmers and private individuals who want one or two cows for family use.

CUTS AND BRUISES

Ordinary cuts and bruises on animals can be cured and made to heal without leaving any perceptible scars if taken in time and given proper treatment.

When a sore of any kind, fresh or old, is noticed on an animal the first thing to do is to bathe it well in warm or hot water. If any inflammation is apparent or expected, use as hot water as the animal can stand without blistering the hide. Begin bathing the sore with warm water, and keep increasing the heat by the gradual addition of small amounts of boiling water. The warm water will wash dirt out of the place and the hot water will further cleanse it and reduce inflammation. Hot water is one of the best of all medicines for man or beast for reducing swelling and inflammation of a bruise or other injury. If the foot of the animal is inflamed, stand the foot in a large pail of warm water and gradually add hot water till the temperature of the mass is almost high enough to scald the hand. Continue the hot water treatment for an hour or more, if necessary, then bind the part up with dry cloths to retain the natural heat and keep out the cold air. Bathing young horses' shoulders with hot water when they are first put to work will reduce small inflammations and allow the horse to rest well over night. The addition of common salt, baking soda or alum to the hot water for this purpose will help.

After an injury has been washed in warm water, cool it over with grease, vaseline or axle grease containing coal tar products. The grease is both healing and tends to keep out germs that might cause infection. Often one greasing of a small, raw sore on an animal will cause it to heal and get well without further attention. Have a good plan to keep a box of good axle grease in the stable for use on abrasions of the skin of horses caused by the collar or other parts of the harness. A little of the grease rubbed on the part of the harness that caused the abrasion will often prevent further trouble. Keeping the collar and harness free from dirt is a good preventive. The wearing of the back band of the harness too far forward often causes a sore back, especially when the horse is in thin flesh. Adjusting the back band, making it work further back, prevents further irritation and allows the horse to heal with a little washing and greasing. Keeping the interior of stables and stalls free from knots, projecting nails, slivers of wood and all projections that the animals might rub against will lessen injuries. Plenty of soft bedding is also a help.

Do not think that because the bruise or sore is on a horse that it will take care of itself simply because the horse is big and strong. An unblemished animal is a desirable quantity, and neglecting a small abrasion may result of a scar that will permanently impair the good looks and selling quality of the animal. Taken in time with a careful washing with warm water and covering with vaseline, the small cut will heal usually without leaving a scar.

A horse, or any domestic animal afflicted with a cut or bruise will soon become used to human treatment in washing and dressing the wound, and will enjoy the treatment if the work is done in a gentle and careful way. Often the wildest colt, under several days of regular treatment of a severe sore, will become gentle and even very affectionate, lasting through its life. The horse has much sense, if we may term it sense, and it soon learns what we are doing and appreciates our work and good intentions.

RASPBERRY BORER

Thme question is often asked, can raspberry borer be destroyed by burning the canes at this time of the year? Some claim they can, while others think it cannot. While the writer belongs to the latter class, there can be no harm in destroying all the dead and infected canes. A great many of the pupa of the p may thus be destroyed and the plantat will be greatly benefited by having th detrimental stalks removed from healthy and infected canes.

There are two kinds of borers in m parts of the territory covered by Weekly Blade. One is the root borer confines its assaults almost entirely to roots of the fruit and the base of stem. The other is the cane borer, wh bores its way down through the grea part of the cane.

The adult of the first mentioned speci the root borer, is a clear winged mo the female of which deposits her e upon the cane a few inches from t ground. From these eggs a whitish c erpillar is hatched. This insect eats well into the cane and finally into roots, where it spends the winter.

The adult of the second named pest, t cane borer, is a black beetle with a y low collar just behind the head. It dep its its eggs near the top of the stalk a eats downward to the base and perh girdles the roots, where it spends the w

Since both pests spend the winter in very near the ground, it is almost impo sible to reach them by destroying the fested canes. The best time of the y to destroy the cane borer is early in fall. Then the canes infested can detected and if they are removed a burned the pest will be destroyed. As s before, it will do no harm to destroy dead canes now and perhaps a gr many of the insects will be destroy with them.

Sow Wins Battle Royal.

Lewes (Del.) Dispatch to Philadelp Record.

A battle royal in which a bird dog, old sow and a blacksnake all took p was ended last night at the farm of W Hitchens, near here, when the snake killed and the dog fled with badly injured leg, while the sow and her you pigs were left in undisputed possession the orchard where the fight took plac

Hitchen was going out to feed the p when he noticed a tumbling mass of fig ing animals in one end of the orchard. thought the dog and sow were fight until he noticed a big blacksnake whi ing around the heads of the other t combatants. Each animal seemed to fighting the other, with extra ho thrown in where they would do the m good. The sow finally killed the sna and the dog crawled under the fen yelping from pain.

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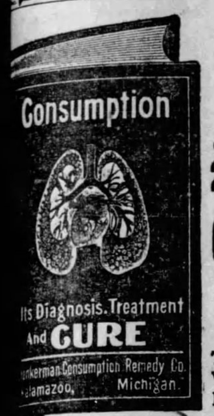

200 PAGE BOOK ON Consumption FREE

To all who are Afflicted with Weak Lungs, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption

Will Be Sent at Once Free to all Who Write

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and after believed their cases hopeless.

THE YONKERMAN CONSUMPTION REMEDY CO., 3479 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., will gladly send you this book by return mail, free, and also a Free Trial of the New Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

If you desire this, for yourself or for a friend, don't wait—write today, before it is too late. This may mean the saving of a life.

MEMENTO OF THE CIVIL WAR

Letter Mailed by Brother in 1863 Finally Reaches Wall St. Man.

New York Journal.

A voice from the grave telling as news of some of the hard fought battles of the civil war, has come to Henry S. O. Clutsam, of 10 Wall street, in a letter just received. Mr. Clutsam is showing his friends the letter, which was written on April 10, 1863, by his brother, Curtis, who has been dead for 15 years.

For nearly half a century—46 years—the letter sought the man it was addressed to. It was mailed from Charleston, S. C., and the envelope bears two 5-cent stamps of the Confederate states.

The letter was addressed to Nassau, the Bahamas. The stamps were canceled at Montpelier, Ga., the date, April, 13, 1863, being written over them with a pen.

At that time Mr. Clutsam had not seen his brother in four years. The letter tells how Curtis Clutsam traveled through the south as a music teacher, finally enlisting in the Twelfth Mississippi regiment. Later he was transferred to the Twentieth Mississippi.

In the latter regiment he was band master, trumpeter and drum major. "Don't laugh—I did not have to cut many capers," he warns his brother.

The Twentieth Mississippi went into northwestern Virginia, and at Cotton Hill Clutsam got his first taste of battle in a hard fight with the Union troops. He campaigned for some time, finally being captured at Fort Donelson, but escaped on his way to Chicago.

Then he made his way to Charleston, again taking up music teaching. "I much prefer the music of the piano to that of minnie balls and grape shot," he writes.

In his class were 78 southern girls. Perhaps that inspired him to write to his brother: "You must not fall in love with any of the Nassau girls, as there are many noble hearted, generous girls in the south. They have proved themselves the women of the world since the commencement of the war." Then he adds naively, "I was at one time susceptible to the charms of love, but now I am hardened. The world is changeable, and womankind in particular."

The letter closes with the above hint of a broken romance.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN WEST

Prosperity in Kansas Now Shown in Reckless Expenditures.

Wichita (Kan.) Cor. New York Evening Post.

That not every one takes a rosy view of the middle west's undoubted prosperity is evident from the tendency of bankers to scrutinize loans closely, and to hold their customers in check. They fear that there is too great extravagance, especially among the dwellers in towns who have not the farmer's basis of support. "It was but a few years ago when we thought the man who bought a bicycle for $150 was going in deep," remarked one banker here today, "but now there are hundreds of men buying automobiles who cannot afford them, just because their neighbors have them. The farmer who sells enough wheat or stock to pay cash for his machine is all right, but the town clerk who mortgages his home or his savings to get a machine, and spends more than he can afford to keep it up, is taking long chances.

"We have refused to loan for such purposes, but, judging from the number of sales made, other lenders are not so careful. There is certain to be a reckoning, and with the high cost of living, it is beyond me how the man on a salary can do it. We loaned a customer $500 the other day, and found that he had given it to some promoters who were selling stock in a patent telegraphing invention that has not yet been put on the market. If it pays dividends it will be far in the future, and yet several thousand dollars were invested in it in this community."

The leading broker of a neighboring town is authority for the statement that in his immediate vicinity, half a million

BWILLKWILLBY'S WATCH

Which He Keeps in Repair Himself With the Aid of a Pocket Knife.

New York Sun.

"Some men, don't you know," said Mr. Grillkillton, "will step off a curb, step down about a foot and break a leg, and then another man will fall off a 17 story house and not even muss his clothes; and it's about the same way with watches.

"I dropped my watch the other day about six inches into a thick plush carpet and it cost me $16 for repairs; when I was out walking with my friend Bwillkwillby this morning he dropped his watch on the sidewalk and it didn't even stop.

"It sounded, when it came down, like a safe falling out of a high window and it was only a $2 watch and I expected of course, to see Bwillkwill just kick the fragments off the sidewalk and pass on; but it seem that Bwillk knew the watch better. He picked up the crystal, not even cracked, from where it had flown, several feet away, and put that in his pocket and then he looked at the watch.

"It was going, all right, but somehow in the fall the long hand had got bent. He straightened out that bend with his pocket knife, so that the two pointers wouldn't catch, and then he pried off the crystal rim of the watch and put the crystal back in place, and then he snapped the rim back on the front of the watch again and slipped the watch in his pocket and started on; and:

"As I was saying—" he said, just as if nothing had happened."

A Thirty-Pound Mushroom.

The Epicure.

An enterprising thing in the mushroom line came to light recently when a giant specimen, weighing over 30 pounds was found near Pittsburg by one of the professors in the Carnegie school. The mushroom was edible, it was found, and though it may not have been the growth of a night, it certainly grew in less than 48 hours, since a search of its locality made the day previous to that on which it was found disclosed no evidence of it. If mushroom growers could arrange to cultivate this particular species, more than one mushroom fortune might be the result.

AMAZING CURES MADE WITHOUT DRUGS

The Ideal and Perfect Treatment is that which cures by eliminating from the system Germs and Poisons which are the cause of disease without the use of drugs in any form. This is just what is accomplished by the

NEW ABSORBENT TREATMENT.

The **Toxo-Absorbent** is a Patented Compress made from pure inorganic Minerals which have a powerful affinity for the poisons of the body. They are

NATURE'S METHOD OF CURES.

Does it not appeal to reason and common sense that it is better to eradicate the poisons from the system, rather than to put poisons into the system?

The Toxo-Absorbent is a harmless and drugless Home Treatment and is adapted to reach every organ of the body. It has infinitely greater curative power than drugs, and cures diseases heretofore incurable. It has cured Appendicitis, Gastritis and all Internal Inflammations and Congestions.

It has proved successful in all Blood Poisons, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Fibroid Tumors and Abnormal Growths. It is the safest remedy for Bronchitis, Tonsilitis and diseases of the throat and lungs.

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Are Proving the most successful treatment ever used for the cure of Cancer. They actually absorb the cancerous poisons from the body. Hundreds have been cured, and the cures are permanent.

The New Tissue Food (Tablets) compounded from the same material, are giving marvelous results. They have cured Paralysis and Nerve Diseases. They rebuild the Tissues and renew the wasted vital forces. A sample box will be sent free. Send for book. Send names of invalid friends. Toxo-Absorbent Co., 2 Church st., Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general intgrest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Will you please tell what Marconi did in establishing wireless telegraphy?—G. G. S., Andrews, Ind.

Guglielmo Marconi, the Italian inventor and electrical engineer, was born September 23, 1875. He was educated at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and as early as 1890 undertook experiments in the demonstration of his theory that the electric current readily passes through any substance, and when started in a given direction follows a direct course without the assistance of any sort of a conductor. He invented an apparatus for wireless telegraphy which was successfully tested in England and Italy by Sir William Henry Preece. In 1899 he came to the United States, where he continued in his experiments, and in the following year reported the presidential election by his method. By March 27, 1899, he had already sent messages across the English channel between two stations about 32 miles from each other. In December, 1901, he began his first experiments in sending messages across the ocean without wires. His station was at Signal Hill in Newfoundland. The American Cable company, which holds a monopoly from Newfoundland, compelled him to withdraw when his success became apparent by his receiving and distinguishing signals sent from Poldhu station, England. He then selected another station at Table Head, on the east of Glace bay, Cape Breton island. In February, 1902, while on his way to this country in a steamship he received signals at a distance of 2,099 miles and worded messages at a distance of 1,551.5 miles. On December 21, 1902, the first official transatlantic telegrams were sent from Table Head. Both England and Italy then introduced the Marconi system on their warships.

CANTILEVER BRIDGES

Please explain what a cantilever bridge is and give the location of a few of them. —L. C., Sullivan, O.

Many cantilever bridges are being constructed in the United States. The cantilever is a bracket resting on a pier in the river or ravine to be crossed, and so balanced and secured that the extended arm will support both its own weight and its movable load. It is connected at its mid-river extremity by a girder span, with a similar bracket reaching from the opposite shore. There are several of these bridges in the United States, the first of any size being the Niagara cantilever, built in 1883. Its total length is 910 feet, and it is 295 feet above the surface of the river, with steel towers 130 feet high. Other cantilever bridges are the Hudson river bridge at Poughkeepsie and the Blackwell's Island bridge in New York. There is a cantilever bridge across the Colorado river at Red Rock, Cal., and across the Mississippi river at Memphis, Tenn. One of the best examples of the cantilever bridge is the great railway bridge at Queensferry, Scotland.

SOCRATES

Please tell something about the life of Socrates.—T. K., Gallipolis, O.

Socrates, born 469 B. C., in Athens, was an ancient Greek philosopher. For a time he followed the profession of his father, who was a sculptor; then he was a common soldier for several years, after which he became interested in philosophy, and devoted himself to the education of the youth of his native city, hoping thereby to make more useful citizens and a more firmly established and morally sound state. By means of conversation, which was simple but brilliant, he so illuminated commonplace facts that the great truths underlying them became apparent. Because of his pure morality, honesty and interest in all mankind he was highly esteemed; yet he was hated by those who opposed his ideas of government and religion, and was finally accused of corrupting the youth of the state with heretical religious views. He was tried before a court of citizen jurors and was sentenced to death. A month later he drank the cup of fatal hemlock and expired. Socrates made no attempt to formulate a system of philosophy nor to commit his ideas to writing. What we know of his doctrines is learned from Xenophon's "Memorabilia" and Plato's "Dialogues." The great influence that he wielded was largely due to the fact that his ideas were made practical in his life. He was governed always by his high sense of virtue, and obeyed conscientiously the promptings of an inner voice, which he declared to be a never failing counselor. He attained to an intellectual strength and spiritual peace that make him remarkable among the world's greatest thinkers.

PATENTS

Please explain to me how to obtain a patent on an invention.—W. W. Tusculum, Tenn.

Applications for a patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of patents. The applicant must also file in the patent office a written description of the same, and of the manner and process of making, construction, compounding and using it, in such full clear, concise and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art of science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound and use the same; and in case of a machine, he must explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

When the nature of the case admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish a drawing of the required size, signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses. In all cases which admit of representation by model, the applicant, if required by the patent office, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition or improvement for which he solicits a patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen and where he resides. In every original application the applicant must distinctly state under oath that the invention has not been patented to himself or to others with his knowledge and consent in this or any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application, or on an application for a patent filed in any foreign country by himself or his legal representatives or assigns more than seven months prior to his application, if any application for patent has been filed in any foreign country by the applicant in this country, or by his legal representatives or assigns, prior to his application in this country, he shall state the country or countries in which such application has been filed, giving the date of such application, and shall also state that no application has been filed in any other country or countries than those mentioned; that to the best of his knowledge and belief the invention has not been in public use or on sale in the United States nor described in any printed publication or patent in this or any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application in this country. Such oath may be made before any person within the United States authorized by law to administer oaths, or when the applicant resides in a foreign country, before any minister, charge d'affaires, consul or commercial agent holding commission under the government of the United States, or before any notary public of the foreign country in which the applicant may be, provided such notary is authorized by the laws of his country to administer oaths.

Surging Red Blood

REVIVED IN MEN AND WOMEN TOO.

Health and strength hitherto unknown will be felt surging in rich, red blood through the arteries and veins and life's greatest ambitions may be realized as never before, if the following special treatment is followed by those men and women, too, who are stricken with that most dreaded of all afflictions, nervous exhaustion, accompanied with such symptoms as extreme nervousness, insomnia, cold extremities, melancholia, headaches, constipation and dyspepsia, kidney trouble, dreadful dreams of direful disasters, timidity in venturing and a general inability to act naturally at all times as other people do. Lack of poise and equilibrium in men is a constant source of embarrassment even when the public least suspects it. For the benefit of those who want a restoration to full, bounding health and all the happiness accompanying it, the following home treatment is given. It contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs whatever. Mix it at home and no one will be the wiser as to your affliction.

The treatment is simple, thorough and correct. Leading druggists supply the main tinctures, extracts and essences in one-ounce bottles, ready to mix. Get three ounces syrup sarsaparilla compound, mix with one ounce compound fluid balmwort, and stand two hours. Add one ounce compound essence cardiol and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom). Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at bedtime.

The ingredients are used for various prescriptions.

MONEY

Will you please explain the circulation of money in the United States?—I. T., Ingram, Ark.

There are four different kinds of legal tender in this country. They are gold and silver coins, gold and silver certificates, treasury notes, and national bank notes. When gold bullion is brought to the government mint to be coined the person to whom the gold belongs is paid by the government in gold coin, while those bringing silver bullion are paid by silver certificates. Owing to the fact that gold easily wears away and that a gold coin, after being in circulation for some time, would lose some of the gold, the value deteriorates. There would not be the full amount of gold in the coin and the actual value would be less than the face value. The government instead of allowing the gold to circulate puts it into its vaults and issues certificates of deposit which entitle the holder to the face value of the certificate if he presents it at the treasury, and he is given the amount of gold it calls for. The same is done with the silver, but merely because silver is too heavy to carry around in large quantities. The silver certificates are in the form of one and two dollar bills. Treasury notes are merely promissory notes issued by the government. No certain amount has been deposited in the United States treasury for them, but the government's credit is behind them. National bank notes are the same as the treasury notes with the exception that instead of being issued by the government they are issued by the national banks, whose credit is good, for the government backs them.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Please tell me why thunder and lightning are present in some localities and not in others.—E. W. R., Caldwell, Neb.

When large accumulations of electricity are in the air they pass from one cloud to another, causing lightning. In their passage the noise called thunder is heard. This electricity must find some way of reaching the earth. In some places the atmosphere is a better conductor than in others and the electricity reaches the earth without violence. But when there is dry weather the atmosphere is not such a good conductor and it comes to the earth by rending a passage causing the noise of thunder. When it is damp and rainy the raindrops and the dampness carry off the electricity easily.

POTTER'S CLAY

Will you please tell me how potter's clay is mined and where it is found in the United States?—A. A. H., Louisville, Ill.

When the clay lies near the surface of the ground the soil, gravel and sand is stripped off; sometimes as much as 30 feet being removed. Clay beds are usually worked either by digging the clay entirely from the base of the bank, by working the bank on an incline of about 30 degrees or, where the bank is over 30 feet high, by cutting in benches 6 to 8 feet wide and 7 to 9 feet high. Steam shovels are sometimes used. Where the clay is tough it is often worked by undermining several feet and then breaking a foot or more from the face by wedges. Blasting is used in very tough clay and in shale. If the clay lies at some depth, drifts large enough for a man and a wheelbarrow are driven into the bank side by side. Sometimes a shaft is sunk and the drifts are driven from the base.

Clay for the use of making pottery is mined in certain counties of Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Florida, Missouri, Tennessee and other states.

JOHN A. JOHNSON

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of the late governor of Minnesota?—M. J., Rockland, O.

John A. Johnson, the journalist and governor, was born July 28, 1861, and died recently. He was born in Minnesota, but both of his parents were natives of Sweden. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, and his college life was at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1894 he married Elinore Preston. At the age of 12 the care of the family devolved upon him, and he was compelled to work in a drug store. He later became interested in a newspaper in the town of his birth. He later became editor of the paper. He served seven years in the militia of Minnesota, becoming a captain. He was at one time state senator from his district. In 1904 he was elected governor of Minnesota, and was re-elected two years later but he died in office.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. T., Clay City, Ind.: In 1828, 2,500 copies of the first dictionary complied by Noah Webster were published. This edition was followed by 3,000 copies, published in England. The work contained 20,000 words and 40,000 definitions not to be found in any other work. In 1840 he published a second edition in two volumes. Other scholars have added to his work in recent years.

L. A. J., Mitchell, Ind.: We have no address made by the former president of Harvard and therefore cannot publish one.

M. F. C., Maiden, N. C.: Ireland is a part of Great Britian, having a representation in the British parliament. No United States ambassador is sent there. In the year 1907, 34,630 immigrants came to this country.

H. W. A., Livingston, Mont.: All mail matter concerning lotteries, gift concerts, or schemes devised to defraud the public, or for the purpose of obtaining money under false pretenses, is denied transmission through the mails.

N. A. W., Moville Ia.: Address the commissioner of patents at Washington, D. C.

F. A. R., Owosso, Mich.: The light of the sun shining through a shower of raindrops forms a rainbow which is seen on the sky opposite the sun, the shower is between the reflection and the sun.

L. A., Painesville, O.: The water between Niagara Falls and the Whirlpool Rapids is between 160 to 190 feet in depth. The velocity of the current is very great at this place.

F. H., Whiteville, N. Y.: You will have to consult an attorney for the answer to your question.

J. G. P., Austin, Colo.: Thomas Campbell, an English poet, wrote the poem to which you refer. It was called "Hohenlinden" and was supposed to celebrate a battle fought near Hamburg, Germany.

E. H., Edwardsburg, Mich.: Your question is too indefinite for us to answer.

J. R. S., Dorset, O.: A rural mail carrier is not compelled to collect mail from boxes which he has passed earlier in the day, and if he does it is a matter of accommodation.

M. L. E., Oakland, Ia.: Submarine mines are either exploded by electricity or by contact with a ship.

B. M., Panther, W. Va.: A ship rounds the Horn when it sails around Cape Horn at the extreme southern end of South America. The first person to sail around this cape was Magellan.

J. M. A., Dickson, Tenn.: There are 32 states and territories in this country which have compulsory education.

F. C., Plainview, Ill.: The chief justice of the United States supreme court is Melville W. Fuller.

He Was Well Equipped.

Success Magazine.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, straightening himself to his full height, replied: "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.

Duck vs. Grasshopper.

Lewiston Journal.

Isaac W. Coombs, of West Bath, has been bothered somewhat by grasshoppers in past years. This year he raised 57 ducks, permitted them to roam about his place, and has not seen a single grasshopper that was not on its way down some duck's throat. He says that the ducks have paid for all they cost and he has already marketed half a dozen at a good price, which he considers clear profit.

BIRD PARADISE IN PACIFIC

Laysan Island Nesting Place of Albatross, Frigates and Petrels.

Los Angeles Times.

To the northwest of the Hawaiian Islands, about an equal distance from the shores of Asia and America, there is a small group of islands and cliffs upon which hundreds of thousands of birds live. Every year they lay their eggs and raise their young. Among small strips of land and rock there is what might be called a veritable bird paradise. This is the island of Laysan.

Laysan measures about five and a half kilos by four kilos, and possesses no vegetation save a few thickets and occasional seaweed, and now and then a sickly little palm tree. Upon the banks are to be found large quantities of driftwood, brought from the shores of America by the currents.

But the number of birds that come there at the season of nesting exceeds the wildest imagination. There are places on the island where it would be impossible to put the foot without crushing a bird, a nest or an egg. Apparently, to the eye, there are hundreds of thousands of birds. There are albatross, white and brown, petrels and frigates in innumerable colonies, but distinct.

The albatross of Laysan are of two kinds, the white and the brown. The latter live chiefly in the southern part of the island. They are, moreover, fewer in number than their white cousins. The two kinds unite in colonies, which are always distinctly separate, however. Their nests are almost identical, simple little mounds of earth with a hole in the middle. The female here lays a solitary egg. The parents provide for the nourishment of the young until the latter is able to go to the sea and hunt for himself.

The albatross are good neighbors among themselves, but they show a decided repugnance to living in the vicinity of the frigates. These big birds, so remarkable for their swiftness in flight, are great gluttons. All those who travel in the South seas know with what obstinacy they keep up with the speed of the vessel in hope of getting food.

The frigates are also to be found in prodigious numbers at Laysan and about the neighboring islets. The males, with their brilliantly-colored plumage, are beautiful birds, and there is nothing more curious than to observe the haughty air which they assume on account of their beauty. The frigate is neither a born swimmer nor diver. This, however, is compensated for by his extraordinary power in flight.

The petrels are very numerous in Laysan. They show a preference for the crevices of the rocks during the day. They are, in fact, birds of night habits and avoid the bright lights. But when the tempest breaks forth and the wind rages they mingle their cries with the noise of the elements. The fish and other marine animals which at such times come to the surface are chased by the petrels and seized from the crest of the waves. The frigates, who are watching the petrels in the chase, seize this moment for capturing their abandoned young. The citon is among the remarkable kinds of sea gulls. Citons are noisy, squalling, quarrelsome birds, whose principal occupation is keeping up incessant cries to disturb the repose of the other inhabitants of the island.

Kentucky Justice.

Washington Post.

Just now, when the whole country is actively discussing the necessity of reforms in our judicial system so as to secure more speedy and exact justice, there comes a case from Kentucky that emphasizes the necessity of reform.

It is one of our boasts that all men are equal before the law. In theory this is true, but in practice it is often just the opposite. It was a Kentucky poet who wrote:

Go to you judge, with his dark flowing gown,
And his scales, where law weighs equity down;
How he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right and justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made.
Go there in your patches, and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of the, money-less man.

The poet was not cynical, but no doubt spoke from experience, having witnessed the peculiar haze through which some courts and juries look when they have a poor man before them, and how wondrously clear their vision is when it is a rich man looking for his rights.

The other day two men were arraigned before a Kentucky court for violating the liquor laws. One of them was a rich and politically influential white man, and the other a poor negro, who ran a "blind tiger" in a tumble-down old shack. They were tried on the same day before the same judge, the evidence in each case being the same, except that the white man had violated the law a greater number of times. Neither set up any defense, and the white man was fined $2,300 and the colored man $1,200. That was a very fair proportion according to the number of charges against each, but the joker came in almost immediately after entering the fine. The judge remitted all of the fine assessed against the white man except $300, and accepted that amount as a clear quittance, but no such favor was shown his neighbor, who happened to have a skin of darker hue.

This little story carries a great moral. It goes far to upset our proud boast of equal and exact justice to all men. It emphasizes the fact that wealth and political influence are potent factors before some of our courts. The white man in this case was a member of the last Kentucky legislature, and was one of the Democrats who bolted from Beckham and voted for Gov. W. O. Bradley for United states senator. Some of the Kentucky papers are intimating that if he had stood true to his party caucus nominee the whole fine would have been remitted. In other words he appears to have been called upon to pay $300 into court because he abandoned his party at an opportune time. That may or may not be true; but the one patent fact is that, according to that Kentucky judge, a rich white man and a poor black man do not stand on the same level before the court.

Bells Silent for Twelve Years.

Savannah Press.

On the wall in the immediate rear of the collector of the Port's desk in the custom house in Savannah are three electric push buttons, placed there 15 years ago for the convenience of the collector in calling his assistants at the other end of the building. The three assistants have always during this time been white men. John H. Deveaux, colored, was collector of the port for 12 years. He never touched one of these buttons. The three bells bear silent witness to the discretion, deference and regard for the proprieties which were characteristic of the man.

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QUALIFY to fill a $25 week position. Learn to write advertisements. Information free. Page-Davis Co., 22 Page Bldg., Chicago.

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"Yes, little Imogene;
Go climb in the basket, sit up straight,
But don't you start the machine!"
—Chicago Tribune.

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AGENTS $1.00 an hour, $10.00 per day has been made selling MENDETS. Mends all leaks in tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement, or rivets. Anyone can use them; fits any surface. J. E. McKin sold 4000 pkgs. in 1 month; J. Miller cleared $205.00 in one month. Send 10c for sample package. Full size package 25c post-paid. Address ANCHOR MFG. CO. 33 Dayton, O.

$200 MONTHLY selling the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for agents terms. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL FOUR RINGS given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.
CARTER CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PERPETUAL" WICK.
Lamps and oil stoves; better light, less oil; no smell, smoke or broken chimneys. FINE for AGENTS. 3 samples mailed 10c; assortment, cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed. VITRUM WORKS, WARREN, R. I.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME
$100 a year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught by mail; English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed. Particulars free. ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 10, London, Canada.

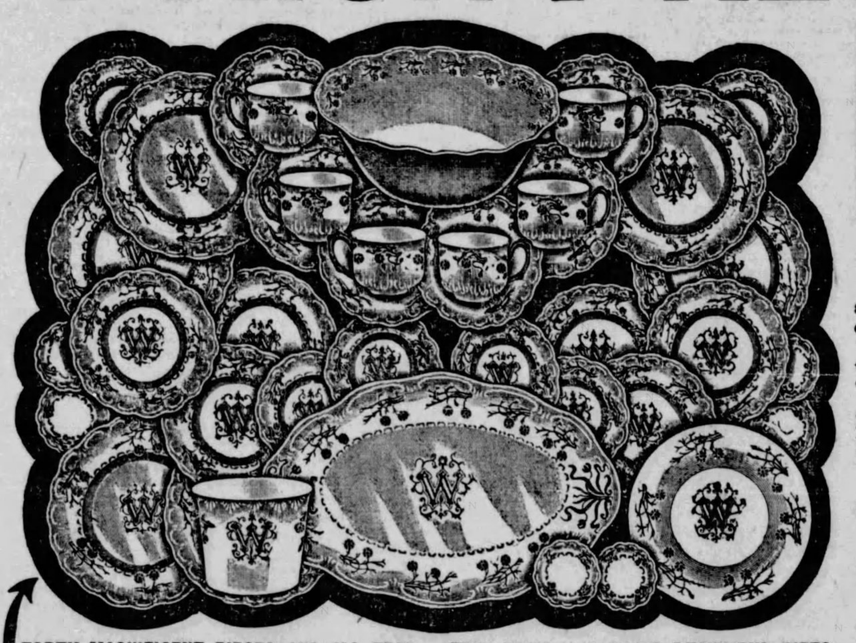
Won Bride by Eating Tacks.

St. Louis Dispatch to New York Herald.

"Mr. Terrence O'Grady, who until Monday afternoon was Miss Gertrude Brady, and is now the wife of the 'Iron ostrich," said she had fallen in love with O'Grady when she saw him eat tacks at one of his exhibitions. "I thought I would like to cook for a man like that,' she said. "He can't fuss when I prepare for the table." Mrs. O'Grady says her husband has promised to teach her the art of eating tacks and glass without feeling uncomfortable.

EPILEPSY
St. Vitus Dance, Fits, Nervous Troubles, Debility, Exhaustion
Relief instantly to DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Permanent results assured. Not temporary relief only. It overcomes that constant dread of dangerous falls and spasms. Consultation personal or by letter. Valuable treatise and
$2 Trial Bottle Free
DR. KLINE INSTITUTE, Branch 53, Philadelphia, Pa.

4 RICH PRESENTS FREE



FORTY MAGNIFICENT PIECES AND ALL FREE. FREE BESIDES 3 OTHER BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.

MISSION TABLE
This is the handsome little table or Tabouret finished in the popular Mission style. Suitable for tea set stand, for jardiniere or for any ordinary decorative purpose.

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS
Pure White Pattern, woven in fancy scroll flower pattern, heavy lace border, good weight, two and one-half yards long, and full thirty inches wide. Overlocked stitched edge. A nice genteel pair of lace curtains, beautiful in the extreme.

7-PIECE GLASS SET
Made of A-1 Crystal Glass, six full-size tumblers, and one large-size water bottle, manufactured and patterned after an expensive cut-glass set costing $25.

FOUR—YES—FOUR!
Four gifts of the most superb richness given away right now. Given *altogether.* You can have them. You get them all at once.

They are free—FREE—just as we announce in this, the most wonderful offer ever made. An offer never equaled. An offer that never *can* be equaled.

Look at the pictures of these gifts—forty pieces of magnificent dishes—a 7-piece glass water set of the splendor of a genuine cut glass set—real Nottingham lace curtains—and a beautiful mission table. All yours, YOURS FREE. And you get all of these four articles *at the same time.* Read on! This offer was never even approached before.

40 Piece Gold Decorated Initial Dinner Set

Look at this set! Note its superb elegance. And remember it is *only one* of the *four* premiums we give you.

There are six large dinner plates, six medium size pie or dessert plates, one large handsomely contoured meat platter, one latest fashioned vegetable dish, one sugar bowl of splendid pattern, one special bread or cake plate, or decorated plaque, six large size cups and saucers to match, six individual butter dishes, six oatmeal, fruit or sauce dishes—a total of *forty pieces,* and forty of as elegant pieces as ever went into any home.

Each piece is beautifully decorated with *gold tracings,* and each is *gold lined.* More than this each and every piece will be decorated *With Your Own Initial in Gold.* Not the cheap initials you may have seen, *but gold initials.* Your initial is *burnt right into the china.* Yet this is but *one* of the *four* splendid gifts of this distinctly *new offer,* an offer never made before.

GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE

There is positively no doubt but that this offer eclipses *anything* ever offered any place before. You must admit this yourself. You may have been offered *one* premium or perhaps *two* before, but never have you had the opportunity of getting *four* all at once.

Now, all we want you to do is to simply *send your name*—just your name and address here on this coupon. We will then send you, all charges prepaid, 24 of the most beautiful Art-Nouveau pictures you ever saw. They are in colors and measure 16 by 20 inches—positively the new style fac similes. We will also send you 24 sets of Gold Embossed Souvenir Post Cards. We will ask you to distribute one picture and one set of post cards on a very attractive offer—an offer entirely new and so *very, very* delightful that we can afford to give away the four grand presents we offer here. Just distribute these post cards and pictures collecting only 25 cents and giving the Picture and Post Card set as a receipt. After you have distributed all pictures and post card sets send us the $6 collected and the names of the people to whom you distributed the goods and then we will ship you *immediately* the 40-piece Gold Initial Dinner Set, the Nottingham Lace Curtains, the Mission Table and the 7-piece Glass Set—all four at one time for this little service. It cannot possibly take you more than a few hours at the most. And then these magnificent gifts *are yours.*

It is no wonder there are literally thousands of people asking for the opportunity of accepting this offer. For the offer is exceedingly attractive, with the pictures and post cards thrown in extra just for receipts. The small service which I have outlined here is positively all you will be asked to do to entitle you to these four elegant premiums, and we guarantee that these premiums are exactly as we say they are.

It is no wonder there are literally thousands of people asking for the opportunity of accepting this offer. For the offer is exceedingly attractive, with the pictures and post cards thrown in extra just for receipts. The small service which I have outlined here is positively all you will be asked to do to entitle you to these four elegant premiums, and we guarantee that these premiums are exactly as we say they are.

FREE COUPON
GEORGE HARVEY, President,
107-111 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

Send me, charges paid, your 24 Art-Nouveau

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Since he quit talking, Mr. Peary has gained in popularity.

It pleases the childless man to have pleasant things said about his dog.

Mr. Maxim didn't have Uncle Joe in mind when he invented his silencer.

Mrs. Stetson might start a new religion. There is always room for one more.

No man can be good from force of habit. He's simply got to keep on struggling.

At times a desire to do something devilish is mistaken for artistic temperament.

Some men who haven't any bright children are always telling what their parrot says.

One thing about the Panama canal, the more it costs the more we want it. It's like fresh eggs.

Poverty has kept many a poor young man from being sued for breach of promise.

There are few men who wouldn't accept a block of Standard stock as a Christmas present.

Mrs. Pankhurst is making a hit in this country by talking common sense instead of throwing brickbats.

All cheerful prophets are of the opinion that prosperity is going to take off its hat and stay awhile.

Dr. Eliot declares he is satisfied with his new religion. Which probably means that he will use no other.

Try to deny a man free speech in this country and he'll proceed to talk an arm off the goddess of liberty.

Lynching is said to be a social disease. This will surprise people who have always regarded it as a habit.

There may be men who are born with an appetite for liquor, but a great many drink because they are invited.

Mr. Carnegie says the negroes will yet join the celestial choir. Well, there are a lot of good singers among them.

Mr. Bryan says he owes his defeat to the liquor interests. Has he just made the discovery, or is he looking for a 1912 issue?

American suffragists, let it be recorded with thankful hearts, have not reached a point where they have to be fed through tubes.

A Chicago clergyman advocates compulsory marriages. This space (——) is reserved for what the bachelors think of the idea.

With 12 warships after him Zelaya will stand about as much show as a half-grown rabbit on the opening day of the hunting season.

"Now the scientists talk about boring a hole through the center of the earth." Hope the Sandard Oil company won't let 'em do it.

Mr. Archbold doesn't think much of the Sherman anti-trust law. He would much prefer the kind that purrs when gently stroked.

There is a rumor that Mr. Roosevelt bagged four elephants and carried them into camp, the other day, but it cannot be confirmed by cable.

Walter Wellman is in favor of Peary as the only discoverer of the North Pole. Mr. Wellman is entitled to his opinion, and every vote counts.

William E. Curtis tells of a woman who can talk in 54 languages. Had some men made a discovery of that kind they would be running yet.

While the world was recently engaged in chasing the Roosevelt death rumor, Mr. Roosevelt was in strenuous pursuit of bohors and kobs, whatever they are.

Football had its victims this year, same as usual. Yet, when we consider the number of players, it doesn't seem more dangerous than the game of lynching.

A Chicago university professor says Americans are too docile. Evidently he has not been paying much attention to what Uncle Joe has been saying recently.

William Jennings Bryan now talks of paramounting prohibition. Mr. Bryan has always made a success of selecting issues guaranteed to split the Democratic party.

Judge Brewer is in favor of woman suffrage. It will be recalled that the judge recently explained that he couldn't retire from the supreme bench because his wife wouldn't let him.

Congressman Champ Clark says the next house will be Democratic by a large majority. He finds by making such predictions he can attract more attention than an end-of-the-world prophet.

According to statistics there are 40,000 more married men in this country than there are married women. But there is no occasion for gossip. The discrepancy is accounted for by the explanation that many married immigrants leave their wives at home when they come to this land of the free.

THE CONGO SCANDAL.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written a book upon the crimes of the Belgians in the Congo Free State. It isn't pleasant reading. It can appeal only to such abnormal creatures as find entertainment in accounts of the cruelties which human beings can bring themselves to inflict upon their fellow-mortals. Yet, it is a book that should have been written, a compilation of reports of the horrible practices of ivory and rubber concession owners and a suggestion as to how the base exploitation of the natives can be halted.

America, in a way, is responsible for the misgovernment of King Leopold II. This was the first country to recognize his enterprise and to give endorsement to that protectorate which has turned out to be a record of astounding brutalities. Modern history has no parallel to the Congo scandal, except in the chronicle of the Spanish conquests in America, the enslavement of Polynesians upon the sugar plantations of Queensland and the unauthenticated stories of the treatment of the Mayas and Yaquis in Mexico. Torture, the lopping off of legs and arms, the burning of villages and the raids in which the blacks were shot down in order to produce a "moral effect," are but a few of the meaps employed by the Belgians to drain the land of its riches as swiftly as possible. The dividends of the companies are never less than 50 per cent per annum and sometimes as high as 700 per cent.

Sir Conan Doyle offers as a solution a declaration on the part of Britain and America that the Congo is an outlaw state. This, he thinks, would lead to a European conference at which the Belgian rights would be reviewed. These are exceedingly slender and indefinite. The powers could be counted upon, it is the author's opinion, to remove Leopold's beasts from Africa forever.

A DREAMER IN CHARDON.

An analysis of the average inventor would show him consisting of one-fourth ingenuity and three-fourths confidence. The first component is sometimes not even necessary. Mechanics and draughtsmen can be employed to supply the handicraft. But confidence is absolutely necessary. It is hope; it is faith; it is perseverance.

There is an industrious employe of a macaroni factory in Chardon who displays to a remarkable degree that greater possession of inventors. He works all day in the factory. By night he toils to the point of weariness in a barn, tinkering at a flying machine which is to be to other aeroplanes what the automobile is to a one-horse truck. The Chardon machine—so says its designer—is to fly like a hawk. Instead of costing thousands of dollars, as the other machines do, this one is to be kept within the modest price of $80. No wheels or skids will be employed, but a clock-work apparatus of levers will throw the mechanism into the air "at a terrific rate." Other aeronauts have difficulties with their engine. Not so the man in Chardon. He has solved that problem. If his engine halts he has an extra pair of wings which will shoot out and flutter, the machine lowering itself gently to the ground.

Dreams, says this Chardon citizen, have helped him to his goal. By this we know him to be a true, bona fide, blown-in-the-bottle inventor. Dreams and confidence will bear him joyfully along to the hour of the test—when the machine is trundled out to fly. Then shall we know if he has had ingenuity.

IS IT EVOLUTION?

The American navy, following the examples abroad, is undergoing a marked alteration in character. A few years ago the tendency was to a variety of forms of war vessels, battleships, cruisers of various types, gunboats, torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers and submarines, with a generous sprinkling here and there of freak designs. Today the movement is toward but two types, and these extremes, the battleship and the torpedo boat.

The Dreadnought is the vessel upon which the naval strategists are pinning their faith and judgment. This is because they figure that the sea fights of the future will be fought at long range. The ship that can pelt the enemy with deadly missiles at a range of five miles has all the advantage between safety and peril when in combat with a flotilla, the biggest vessel of which can make effective shots only when she can come within four miles of her target. So the nations are struggling to produce ships which can carry the largest of ordnance and steam the fastest. From Dreadnoughts have progressed super-Dreadnoughts. From the supers may soon come the superlative-Dreadnoughts, and so on, maximus and giganticus, as the nomenclature of the naturalist runs.

All the short range fighting, the dashes and rushes and sudden attacks and surprises can be taken care of by the torpedo boats. Anyway, this is the way the naval specialists figure things now. Their arithmetic may be different tomorrow.

YEARNS FOR A NAVY.

Canada is to have a navy if ambition to make an impression upon the world and pride in advancing greatness are to be victorious in the parliament at Ottawa. The premier, echoing the enthusiastic speech of the spokesman of the warship party, said: "The organization of a Canadian navy under Canadian control is the penalty of Canada's growth as a nation."

What needs Canada with a navy? Among all the countries few are more safe, few are less the envy of others, few suffer less disturbance from international complications. In spite of the reiteration of that nonsense in London, there is no desire in the United States to annex the Dominion. Under the Monroe Doctrine, if we continue to abide by it, Canada would have the protection of her neighbor in case of an invasion, which neither she nor the mother country could repel. The naval idea had its birth in England, where every aid is sought to keep the British armament overwhelmingly stronger than that of Germany.

A struggle has already begun between the provinces for construction contracts, naval stations and navy yards. Only the hope of getting local appropriations will carry the support of some of the constituencies of parliament members. Having tasted the sweets of government expenditures on outfitting and building plants the Canadian ports will fight to have the vessels maintained within their individual districts. What good could come to England then in case of war with Germany? Outpost vessels would cut off the colonial warships steaming to join the channel fleets and small detachments could bottle up the Canadian ships, divided as they will be in the Atlantic and Pacific.

There has been some grumbling over the action of the United States in sending naval training ships to the Great Lakes. It is charged that the treaty has been broken in intent, if not in fact. Before the naval budget has been voted there will surely be argument in the parliament for attaching a Canadian fleet to inland waters. Ontario, Huron, Erie and Superior cities will not take kindly to the grants to the ocean ports unless they themselves are to get a share. The treaty may soon become as worthless as if entered into between whites and Indians.

AN IDEA OF SEGREGATION.

Mrs. A. C. Fisk, at the annual meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Rochester, urged a concerted movement to compel the newspapers to print the stories of crime, elopements and divorces all upon one page. In this way, she said, the page could be ripped out so that the wicked and the disagreeable things of life would not reach the eyes of children.

Mrs. Fisk takes a new shoot in the criticism of newspapers. She does not urge, as many lecturers are fond of urging, that reports of crimes should not be published at all. By inference she admits that grown-up folk find interest in such news. After the elders have shuddered to their satisfaction, have commented upon the foolishness of Miss Doe who eloped with the penniless Mr. Roe, and upon the want of felicity in the Coe family, the paper can be carefully operated upon—but not until after.

Commendation for Mrs. Fisk rises in our hearts. She does not denounce the newspapers for printing that which the public in general is interested in. It would seem she appreciates the fact that when the press ceases to print the happenings of the day as they occur, the press might just as well begin dismantling its machinery.

As a matter of fact—though it isn't the view of our critics—the percentage of items dealing with crime and scandals is small as compared with the rest of the news. It has been proved by cold statistics. Yet this is incidental. We merely seek the privilege of applauding Mrs. Fisk. She indicates the line of demarkation between what she would read and what she would let the children read. And that is a frankness our censors have never displayed.

MR. CARNEGIE'S REMEDY.

Andrew Carnegie, who used to make armor plate before he sold out at a good stiff price, has sent broadcast a little pamphlet entitled, "Armaments and their Results." It contains replies to those who argue for big armies and navies as guarantees for peace and closes with a "Remedy" against expenditures for means of national defence.

Recently, delegates of the eight naval Powers, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Japan, Britain, America, sitting in London, unanimously agreed to establish an International Supreme Court to deliver final judgment upon all cases of marine captures, each nation appointing one judge. To such of the smaller nations as apply for admission, seven judges are to be accorded in turn, so that the great maritime nations combined have always a majority, which is common sense.

These same eight Powers have only to meet again and agree that hereafter disputes between civilized nations shall be settled in like manner (or by arbitration), and War becomes a thing of the past.

Surely, it will. But first you must get eight powers to agree on such a conference and to back up the decision of the delegates. Would Germany, nearing the overcrowded point and needing room for expansion, surrender today the chances for territory which a war might almost certainly give her? Would France, having immense African tracts whose borders are illy defined, risk loss of land that an army might hold? The neighbor of which Italy is most fearful is Austria-Hungary, and that country recently broke a solemn compact entered into by the nations. Japan, too, must have more room, and there are China, the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska as fixed temptations. Britain has an empire to maintain, parts of which are within the line of expansion of other nations. America, like Britain, is satisfied with present possessions, but must arm while others arm.

Mr. Carnegie has a remedy, but the world is not ready to swallow it.

A DECISION WITHOUT PROGRESS.

The decision against the Standard Oil company turns out to be of no marked importance, in spite of the dust kicked up about it when the news came out. An attorney for the trust says it amounts to little and one of the government counsel admits that the victory is only a technical one.

The Standard company will carry the case to the highest court as a matter of form. The lawyers have the supreme court habit and couldn't possibly halt this side of it. If the supreme court so rules, the Standard Oil company of New Jersey will proceed to dissolve—that is, the subsidiary shares will be distributed to the stockholders instead of being retained in the office safe. But as the big stockholders are all in complete control that will make no change in the policy of the company whatever. The business will go on as it has gone on. The independent will be stepped on wherever he ventures to raise his head. States will be bulldozed and politicians bought and laws dodged. The price of oil will be boosted from time to time and the genius of the lamp will advise the people to practice the homely virtues of thrift and self-denial.

Wouldn't it be refreshing to see a Standard Oil suit that would arrive somewhere?

THE WESTERN UNION SALE.

The Gould family has sold its control of the Western Union Telegraph company after an ownership of nearly 30 years. Except the Missouri Pacific and Wabash railroads no properties have been more closely identified with the name of Gould. Competition at last caused the suspension of cash dividends, forced a tumble in the price of the shares and put the owners in the temper where they were willing to consider an offer of purchase.

Jay Gould gained possession of a controlling interest in Western Union after one of his typical forays in the stock market. He organized a rival company, cut rates, threw other wires off the right of way of his railroads and persuaded other companies to take the same course. He sold Western Union short, but his confidential brokers betrayed him and a pool formed to drive him into a corner. He was cornered, but Gould bluffed his way out. Then he turned buyer, catching the Vanderbilts, who controlled Western Union, asleep. It was in 1881 that the Vanderbilts surrendered. An immense profit was made in exchanging Western Union stock for the Gould manipulation lines, but the company entered upon that career of prosperity which gave it the reputation of an old reliable money maker until last year.

The American people have, however, a larger interest in the consolidation than that of picturesque recollection. How far this monopoly breaks the anti-trust laws and how much farther the merger intends to go, are matters of practical moment to the department of justice. Its movements will be watched with keenness.

THE DOCTOR AND THE MINE.

Seven times Dr. L. B. Howe went down the burning shaft of the mine at Cherry, and each time brought back suffocating, half-dead men; seven times, until it were no longer possible to descend through the fire and fumes and until his hands were but masses of blisters. He had saved 25 lives.

Once in a while stories are told of doctors who have refused to attend patients until shown the color of money. Such instances are so infrequent that they stand out as startling blemishes upon the profession, are gossiped and retailed and exaggerated. And yet if all schools bred so many men who make personal sacrifices, who practice charity with so little ostentation, and count so many real heroes to their credit as the medical colleges, would one hear then, we wonder, discussions of the success or failure of university training?

AFTER THE BIG THIEVES.

There is promise that the thief higher up is to be caught and punished before the end of the sugar fraud cases is written. No one believes that minor employes are responsible for the seduction of customs weighers and inspectors or that the minor officers of the trust were alone cognizant of the stealings.

One of the most bitter criticisms of the courts of the United States is that the principals behind the tools have escaped. Technicalities, political influence, rank perversion of the meaning of the law, have served as shelter when the trials were carried past the pawns. The land fraud prosecutions, extended over a number of years, have been sterile of important convictions. The Union Pacific coal cases were condoned when the railroad company turned over a fraction of the lands said to have been taken up illegally. Senator Warren, of Wyoming, who fenced thousands of acres of the public domain, avoided appearing in court through a ruling that he had committed no violation inasmuch as he had provided his fences with gates. The Alaskan coal cases are in the air. Timber stealing cases in Colorado have been carried along for many months. No one appears to know just how far progress has been made in punishing the thieves.

The Taft government has an opportunity to make a record by obtaining convictions in the sugar cases, virtually confessed by the payment of about $2,000,000 in customs fees. The courts have a chance to redeem their name for equitable distribution of justice.

ZELAYA NEAR ECLIPSE

It is dangerous for a small man in uniform to gaze long into the mirror. Cipriano Castro found it so. Zelaya, of Nicaragua, is about to learn the lesson.

It is a strong wine with which the Latin-American presidents stimulate their self-love. They exercise the power of life and death. They dip the arm shoulder deep into the national treasuries. They wear clothes dazzling with gold and perhaps a jewel upon a ribbon hangs suspended from their necks. They ride about importantly. They throw out the chest and frown as persons absorbed in the affairs of the world. The little barefoot soldier at the door salutes with a smack of the gun straps and the people out in the plaza lift their hats in respect. The wine of adulation quickly goes to the head. And, first thing the sickly steaming ports know, there is a foreign warship spreading her banner of smoke over the waters of the bay.

Castro had in mind a game by in a war in support of the Monroe Doctrine. Zelaya appears to believe he can swing a bigger bat; defy Washington, incarcerate and shoot Americans as the whim moves him, pose as one of the lords of the earth. The first blank cartridge discharged at Bluefields is likely to set him packing his clothes for Paris, that fine old refuge of deposed presidents.

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

For three seasons in the year the city clerk yearns for the gloriously emancipated life of the farmer. Visions of trellises of roses get confused with columns of figures. Dreams of fair scenes over field and hill, longings for just one whiff of the sweet air that blows over hay newly cut, breed revolution against the arid streets—for three seasons, of which this is not one.

Life in the country in the wintertime has little appeal to those bred in the city. Not only does it feel cold out there, but it looks cold and sounds cold. The field in which the corn came to ripeness in the fall was the very symbol of peace and quiet. It now possesses an aspect of wildness to which few hearts among townfolk are attuned. The drifting snow, the little pools ice covered, the shriek and moan of the wind are sure cures for the average skyscraper agriculturist. One sight of children stumbling along the frozen road to school, of cows and horses huddled shivering in the lee of the barns, of the fur-capped farmer bending over the wood-pile are "horrible examples" to that same clerk who only a few weeks ago read with envy of the marvelous prosperity of the tiller of the soil.

There is another vision—that of the farmer, pink from the most wholesome of exercise and the heat of his base-burner stove, taking his comfort and commenting upon the extraordinary servitude of the life where stiff collars must be snapped on every morning, respect paid to foolish conventions and fixed and unalterable numbers of hours given to work over dull papers every day—come wind, or snow, or the soothing spirit of indolence.

LANGLEY'S DEATH.

The Board of Ordnance and Fortification, in purchasing a Wright aeroplane, has caused a tribute to Dr. Samuel P. Langley to be inscribed in the archives, "as a scant meed of justice to a distinguished scientist, who was very sensitive to the ridicule and abuse heaped upon his efforts in his latter days."

There is no doubt that the joking and witticism following the failure of the second Langley model to fly hastened the scientist's death. It is going far to call it abuse. It was hardly ridicule. The newspaper paragraphers spread their wings when the news came that the flying machine, instead of soaring away as the original mechanism had, had dived kerplunk into the Potomac. The subject was fresh. It came in a dull season. The humor was worn very, very thin before the last paragraph was written, but the cruelty, which would have been unmeaning to the average man, had been done. Dr. Langley took it to heart. When shortly he fell ill his mental distress worked against his recovery. He died a disappointed man.

A good deal has been said about the unkindness of the press toward Prof. Langley. But it was a strange state of mind which could feel so bitterly the mild jabs of the wits and be unmoved by the bombardments of fellow scientists. Dr. Langley's own neighbor, Prof. Newcomb, wrote an article in which he proved by mathematics—to his own complete satisfaction—that flying machines could never fly. Others grabbed pen to condemn "Langley's folly." Yet in the biographical notes about the investigator, it is the press that is held responsible. "Done to death by slanderous tongues," the historians would put upon the tomb. Not by intent, but by the accident of a man's temperament, is it that the newspapers are those tongues.

WHAT ONE ACRE DID.

In September, a year ago, a man plowed an acre of ground in Kansas City, working two days. His charge, with team, was $8. Another man worked two days sowing seed of radishes, spinach and onions. He was paid at the rate of $25 a month and allowance was made for his board and lodging at $18 a month.

The tract was known as the Trial Acre. An agreement was entered into by the owner to keep account of every penny expended for a year, to do no transplanting and to work the ground as if it were the possession of one who must find his actual living elsewhere. With the exception of that for plowing and harrowing, there were no labor costs except for the $25-a-month man.

Total fall and winter expenses were $108.75; total expenses spring and summer, $865.75; grand total expense, $504.50.

The gross income for October 14, 1908, to October 14, 1909, was $1,611.35. A profit was thus left of $1,106.85.

The owner of the Trial Acre is a Frenchman, but he claims to know nothing of the intensive farming practiced by the French. He says he left everything to common sense of his gardner, who, under instructions, was constrained to spend only one or two hours each day upon the work and to do the marketing twice a week. There was some bad weather, an excess of rain in July and August and in early September a drouth.

If the farming was really as amateurish as it was attempted to make it, the showing is certainly, remarkable. It should be encouraging to those who have yearned for the "little spot in the country, God's fresh air and independence."

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

The year has proved a more prosperous one than the most sanguine predicted last spring. From the dismal outlook where employment was scarce and uncertain the situation is reversed to one in which labor is advertised for. Business has had a remarkable reawakening. Factories, industries of many kinds, find themselves behind with orders while railroads discover difficulty in supplying cars for the merchandise to be moved.

It should be evident that the Christmas rush is to be the biggest since 1906. Families forced to economize through the lean holiday periods since then will be buying with their former freedom from necessity to be skimping. Many, indeed, will be buying presents for the first time since 1906. Everyone can feel the lifting of the burden of dread, the impetus which the opening of a prosperous era gives, the generous impulse that goes with the possession of fixed employment or bettered business.

The lesson that attends the prosperous season is—do your Christmas shopping early! The rush will be terrific. Be one of among the forehanded, the sensible. Avoid the crush.

It wouldn't cost much for Uncle Sam to establish a protectorate over Latin American republics. With a woodshed centrally located, two or three professional spankers should be able to maintain peace.

The story is told of a man who pawned his wooden leg in St. Louis for money enough to get him out of town. It never occurred to him to keep his leg and walk out. Some men are very absent-minded.

FOOLING THE PRESS.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the course of his attack upon Leopold II's administration of the Congo Free State, charges that newspapers in the United States have been subsidized to "apologize" for the cruelties inflicted upon the natives.

The Englishman has excellent reason to believe that space has been bought in the American press to defend the unspeakable king of the Belgians. He has drawn a natural inference. But it is our opinion that no such purchases have been made. The responsibility rests, in all likelihood, with press agents.

About a year ago articles along this line were coming about once a week to this office. They were thrown in the waste-baskets which swallow tons of this sort of thing every twelvemonth. But in some newspapers "copy" may have been scarce, an editor may have had an engagement to go fishing, some one was ignorant or indolent, and the defences got into type. The press agent uses a shotgun of large bore. Hundreds of pellets will be wasted, but one or two will hit the spot—and the agent counts the shooting good.

Castro once had an agency in this country to praise him and denounce the state department at Washington. Chicago department stores employ a very ingenious corps to engineer free advertising for them. Society climbers, politicians, lawyers and mining promoters we hear from weekly. The worst offenders are the railroads. A watchful eye is needed to cull the work of people with causes worthy of support from the writings of persons of questionable employment. It is within the mathematical law of probabilities that the most carefully edited paper gets caught once in a while.

AGAINST THE NAVAL BUREAU.

The commission of officers appointed by the secretary of the navy to inquire into the organization and the efficiency of the naval service, known as the Swift board, is shortly to make its report. Great issues depend upon this report. The younger members of the navy have long been making a fight upon the naval bureaus. They have appeared before congressional committees, have had interviews with congressmen whenever they possibly could and have supplied the information for caustic articles in the daily press and the magazines.

The news has leaked out that the charges of the "insurgents" have been substantiated. The bureaus are to be handled without gloves. The navy-yard administrations are to be shown up. The general lack of co-ordination in the department, the "fat-headedness" of the barnacles and the fundamental weaknesses of the service are to be pointed out.

As far back as the administration of President Grant, congress was urged to reorganize the bureau system. This has been held responsible for the slowness with which the inventions of Ericsson were adopted, the low ebb to which the navy fell after the Civil War, the experiments with costly freak constructions and the almost criminal waste of money in the navy yards. Congress has taken no action to bring about reforms. The bureaus represent a very valuable asset to influential members of congress. A bureau head can help a congressman immensely. help him to find a place for a job-hunting constituent, promote an officer, give shore leave to some and punish others with continuous sea service, engineer contracts and recommend expenditures for the "pork barrel."

The Swift board's comments will raise a stir in Washington, but it is to be doubted if they will be able to bring about the overthrow of the bureaucrats. Congress has too many uses for these men. Hale, of Maine, has obtained uncountable favors of them and they of him. Hale is chairman of the senate committee on naval affairs; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and Tillman, of South Carolina, are members. Would a reform bill which would menace the appropriations for navy yards in Maine, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and South Carolina have much of a chance in the senate?

UNSHACKLED ART.

No provision of the revised tariff has been more widely commended than that admitting art, more than 20 years old, free of duty. Bartley F. Yost, deputy consul general at Paris, has reported upon the effect that the repeal of the hateful Dingley schedule has had upon importations:

A comparison of the number of authenticated invoices of works of art and antiquities and their declared value, as shown by the records of this consulate general, for the two months immediately following the passage of the Payne tariff and for the corresponding period of 1908 shows an increase in the exportation of this class of merchandise of 461 per cent during sixty days of 1909 over the same period of the preceding year. In 1908 there were 149 invoices, valued at $368,097, declared for shipment to the United States from August 6 to October 5, inclusive, and between these same dates of 1909 there were 207 invoices, valued at $2,096,120, an increase of 58 in the number of invoices and of $1,728,023 in the value of the shipments.

The stimulation which the repeal is having upon the broadening of the art interest in this country is already noticeable. One cannot help but wonder what advances the schools would have made, what treasures the museums would have acquired, had not Joseph G. Cannon risen to bray against art—"the silly luxury of the rich," as he called it.

How the Duel Ended.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A duel as arranged was between John Egan, a county judge, and Roger Barett, Master of the Rolls. Both men were humorous, and the meeting, upon the fair ground of Donnybrook, was characteristic.

Upon the combatants taking their ground Barett, who was the challenger, promptly fired without waiting for the signal to be given and then walked coolly away, calling out:

"Now, Egan, my honor is satisfied!"

The Judge, however, was by no means contented, and shouted: "Hallo! Stop, Roger, till I take a shot at your honor!"

Barett thereupon came back and planting himself in his former station said composedly:

"All right, then; fire away."

Egan presented his pistol and taking most deliberate aim, first at one part of the Master of the Rolls' anatomy and then at another, seemed determined to finish him outright. At last, however, he cried out:

"I won't honor you! I won't be bothered shooting you! So now you may go your own way or come and shake hands with me, which ever you like best."

Barett chose to shake hands and amid the plaudits of the crowd the antagonists departed from the field in much good humor, the best of friends.

Hall of Fame.

"Please give me," said the teacher, as
she rubbed her tired eyes,
"The names of some great Irishmen,
my dears;"
And when a hand waved frantically, she
noticed, with surprise,
The grimy paw of Jimmie McAleer's.

'Twas something new for Jimmie to be
interested when
A question was before the house, and
so;
"Well, Jimmie," said the teacher, "name
your famous Irishmen."
He proudly answered, "Here's a few I
know:"

"McGinnity and Hogan,
Mike Kelley, Dick Cogan;
Jim Collins, Wild Bill Donovan and
Ryan;
McGill and McIntyre,
Spike Shannon and McGuire,
McCarthy, Dolan, Daley and O'Brien,
Jiggs Donohue, McBride,
Waddell, the Phillies' pride,
McFarland, Muggs McGraw and McGuirk;
Jack Sullivan, O'Malley,
Moriarty, McNally,
Pat Flaherty, J. Hurley, Eddie Burke,
McCormick and McConnell,
McGilligan, O'Donnell,
McGinley, McNamara and McGann;
Hugh Duffey and McMackin,
McHale, McGee, McCracken,
O'Neil, McQuaid, McMannis and McMahon."

"Why, Jimmie," cried the teacher, "just
wait a minute, please;
What did those folks you mention ever
do?
How is it that you didn't give me any
names like these:
Tom Moore, Parnell and Robert Emmet,
too?"

"Ge whiz!" exclaimed the urchin, "I
never seen dem guys—
I named the warmest members in the
mess;
De fellers you are boostin' for can't be
so very wise;
Dey must 'ave played in some bush
league, I guess."
—Hartford Courant.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

AN OLD GRACE A NEW HOBBY

International Sunday School Lesson for December 5 Is "Paul on the Grace of Giving." II. Cor. 8:1-15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The revival of old fashions in women's clothes is not half so significant as the revival, under another name, of the old-fashioned Christian grace of giving. Nowadays this is the fad of the prosperous. It has become good form for millionaires to make great donations of a public character. A man feels himself under a moral obligation to give back to the people in some guise the wealth which he has got from them. Thus, when a certain railroad magnate died recently without making a single public or charitable bequest, the outspoken sentiments of the people condemned him. He had failed to come up to the reasonable expectation of the world.

On the other hand, when another New York millionaire died shortly afterward and left something like $30,000,000 to religious and benevolent purposes, all carefully distributed and without conditions, it was generally said that he had done a rich man's duty by his money and by society; and that he has set a fashion in giving which other men of wealth will follow. He gave himself plus his money.

A Preacher's Irony.

The matter of giving, from the Christian standpoint was pointedly put once by a Philadelphia pastor, Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainerd, who had appealed in vain to the prosperous members of his congregation in behalf of some good cause:

"Brethren, the Lord has denied you the privilege of exercising many of the most precious graces of the Christian character, which, in His infinite mercy, He has vouchsafed to the rest of us. You never knew what it was to repose absolute, unassisted faith in God for the things in this world. You never had to go to sleep at night without knowing where your breakfast was to come from. You never had a sick child wasting away for the want of costly luxuries. You never had to deny yourself the gratification of the impulses of charity when it sufferer came to your door. You never had to endure the humiliation of being dunned for an honest debt, without knowing whether you could ever pay it. All these unspeakable advantages in developing Christian character an inscrutable Providence has taken from you and bestowed upon us poor men. The one solitary grace of the Christian life which has been denied to us and given to you is the grace of liberality, and if you don't exercise that, the Lord have mercy on your souls!"

The Complementary Grace.

Paul's thought was not greatly different from this. He pointed out to the affluent Christians at Corinth that the poor Macedonians had exceeded them in coming to the help of the needy disciples at Jerusalem. These Corinthians abounded in other graces—especially in the grace of "utterance"—but they needed the grace of giving if their religion was not to go limping. Liberality is hands and feet, yes, and mouth, also, for all the other virtues. It in itself is not enough to constitute a Christian character, but it is pomplementary to the other graces. A mean Christian is not much of a Christian. The stingy saint has scriptural warrant for doubting whether he is a saint at all.

Three profound considerations were suggested by the apostle as incentives to generosity. One was that the Macedonians first gave themselves and then their gift. That is the first principle of successful beneficence. The hand is needed more than what it holds. "The gift without the giver is bare." God asks for gifts because he wants the givers; and the gift is but a token of the giver's allegiance. The cheapest thing in the world to impart to our fellow men is money.

The second principle of philanthropy pointed out by the apostle is that the Macedonians gave out of their deep poverty. They shared their little, which is far better than to dispense from an unmissed surplus. Despite the modern fad of big gifts, the great works of religion and charity are to be done by the small offerings of the many.

In the third place, Paul set forth a great motive, by appealing to the example of the Lord Jesus "that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." The gift that is hallowed by self-denial partakes of the very flavor of Christliness.

An American Man's Way.

The most remarkable story known to me of extended influence through the use of money is that which I have told at length in my book, Men and Missions. Dr. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, is known in educational circles as the founder, president and now president emeritus of Woman's college, Baltimore. He is one of the real leaders of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, a really great man, with a dozen claims to distinction. But of all the expressions of his life that appeal to the imagination, his work in India is the most remarkable.

Nearly a generation ago Dr. Goucher undertook to do a special service for each of the great non-Christian lands. Into the problem of India he put deep thought and thorough investigation. The result was that he personally planned and supported a chain of village schools in the northwest provinces—although he himself was at work in America all the while. These he carired on to a high school, with provisions for the marriage of Christian students. The wonderful details of the experiment cannot be told here; but today the northwest provinces are full of "Goucher boys;" and there are more than 50,000 Christians in India who, in all human probability, would have been heathen still had it not been for Dr. Goucher's investment of his powers and money. That wondrous achievement, which is still multiplying in geometrical ratio, has been wrought at a cost of only $100,000, which is less than many a man pays for a private yacht. All this came to pass because of (1) a great impulse, (2) an investment of personality, and (3) the dedication of the wealth of which God had made one man the steward.

The Giving Habit.

One of the surprises of a visit to heathen temples is the prevalence of the contribution box. The first act of worship is to toss a few coins into the temple chest. Everywhere it is "Give, give, give!" The pilgrims and other worshippers—quite like many westerners—have reduced the science of giving to a fine art. They use the smallest coins, commonly one-twentieth of a cent in American money. Indeed there is some currency so small that it is never used except for the purposes of worship, and is called "temple money."

At present the churches of North America are being stimulated to better ways of giving. The laymen's missionary movement is sweeping over the land, inspiring resolutions to give more largely, to give more systematically, and to give more sacredly. Money represents life. Most persons must, like William Carey, "cobble shoes to pay expenses," even though their business is "serving the Lord." The wider reach of our influence—our touch upon the big world overseas, and our share in all national activities—must come through the consecration of our money.

Varieties

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

Coal was first used as an illuminant in 1826.

The folding envelope was first used in 1839.

The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.

Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 o'clock to 5.

Roumania has 6,500,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are blind.

The first school for the blind was established in 1791 in Liverpool.

The only self-supporting territory of the United States is Alaska.

Only five and a half per cent of the total area of the world is tillable.

The mines of Butte, Mont., have a combined pay roll of $3,000,000 a year.

The British Welsbach company has begun manufacturing electric lights.

Coolies in Borneo are indentured for $18 to $36 a year, with board and clothing.

The Chilean government has under contract 698 miles of railroads at an estimated cost of $24,267,660.

The Argentine legislature is considering the construction of underground railways in Buneos Ayres.

Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, has the greatest mineral tonnage of any port in the world.

Arranged in a straight line, the railways of the world would reach to the moon and back again.

It is just being realized that the Trans-Siberian railroad was a poor thing from an engineering standpoint.

The observed rate for the sound of "a" in "great" is 420, and for the sound of "a" in "mat" 770 waves a second.

Pupils in the Philadelphia public schools are being taught to board and alight from street cars in a safe manner.

Heads of Philadelphia's police department plan to equip each patrolman with a pocket electric searchlight.

A patent on a horseshoe designed to prevent the stumbling of horses has been granted in Panama for four years ago.

In the year 1908 there were 17 wells drilled in the United States, at a cost of about $30,000,000.

Ten years ago the Standard Oil company refined 90 per cent of the oil produced; now it refines only 80 per cent.

Forty thousand yards of bunting were used recently on the Madison Square garden during the annual electric show.

New York has followed the example of Philadelphia and established a free permanent exhibition of building materials.

The telephone and telegraph wires of the United States would encircle the earth at the equator more than three times.

Near Hamburg, Germany, a patch of dwarf birch trees is closely guarded by government expense as a rare survival of post-glacial flora.

A chimney of concrete block was recently built in Germany without the use of scaffolding, which represents a great economy in the cost.

Billiards and pool on shipboard are now possible through the recent invention of a self-leveling table which accommodates itself to every movement of the vessel.

Levantine newspapers report that Turkey has granted a conditional concession to an American syndicate for a 1,243-mile railroad through Asia Minor.

Notwithstanding the duty of 40 cent. per barrel, large quantities of apples from Oregon, Washington and other states are consumed in western Canada.

In 1881, 2,362,331 persons were engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom. Ten years later the number had decreased to 2,249,756; while in 1901 it was 2,109,812.

Queen Maud of Norway, can ride across country at a regular breakneck speed, and she is said to have been the record of the late empress of Austria in the hunting field.

Great Britain is a heavy buyer of wood—$145,000,000 in 1908. Norway and Sweden supplied $41,000,000 worth, Russia the same amount, and the United States $1,500,000 worth.

Alaska has three times the placer area that California had. California has produced in 59 years, $1,400,000,000 in gold and Alaska will produce three times as much when property is developed.

Mrs. Russell Sage has offered half a million dollars to the American Red Cross society if an equal amount can be raised. The time limit of this offer expires on the last day of the present year.

More than two thousand million dollars' worth of mineral oil has been exported from the United States since that product began to be an article of exportation, less than half a century ago.

To prevent the alteration of checks or other valuable papers an Indiana inventor has brought out an electric apparatus which burns tiny holes in the paper as the inscription is written.

One of the newest automobile tires is Pennsylvanian's invention, consisting of a number of rubber blocks to be mounted in a steel channel and reversible, so that a new surface can replace an old one.

Electricity at last has been applied to the Teddy bear, a Maryland man having patented one that opens its jaws and flashes lights from its eyes, nose and mouth when a battery in the interior is pressed.

Recently published statistics show that during the last year the number of births in France has diminished by 12,692. The number of deaths has increased by 25,019, and the population of France has decreased by 22,203.

The work on the Jungf

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3114—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A stylish model for taffetas or liberty satin. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3103—Ladies' Jersey-Basque. Adaptable to Jersey Cloth, broadcloth or taffetas. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2752—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing at front and to be worn with or without guimpe. Golden brown cashmere was used for this pretty little frock, the guimpe being of white batiste. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

3087—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with removable chemisette. Dark green serge was used for this model, white linen being used for chemisette. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2728—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at centre-back seam and having tucked front gore and an inverted box-plait at each side front seam. For a separate skirt, or as a part of a suit this is an excellent model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3088—Ladies' Six-Gored Yoke Skirt. Navy blue voile was used for this stylish model. 6 sizes 22 to 32.

3086—Ladies' Corset Cover. Adaptable to any of the sheer white materials. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2715—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing with buttons down the front and having a removable chemisette. Alice blue cashmere was used for this stylish little model, the bands trimmed with hand embroidery. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

3106—Ladies' Princess Dress. Biscuit color chiffon broadcloth was used in the development of this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3112 Ladies' Coat. Black broadcloth was used for this serviceable model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2443—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3090—Ladies' Jersey Basque, closing at back with lower edge pointed or round. Developed in black Jersey cloth and trimmed with soutache braid. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3094—Child's Coat, with Shield. Velvet, bengaline or chiffon on broadcloth are all pretty developed in this style. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2672—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a tucked blouse with sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickers. Serge or flannel are the best mediums for this style. 5 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2998—Ladies' Skirt, with seven-gored yoke upper part and plaited flounce lower part. A stylish model that will develop well in any material. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2614—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt, closing at left side of front. Develops well in serge, mohair, Panama cloth, cheviot or broadcloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1789—Child's One-Piece Apron, slipped on over the head. Dotted percale was used for this little model. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2731—Girls' Wrapper. Plain or flowered, challis makes this a neat little wrapper. 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.

3116 Ladies' Paddock Coat, in 45-inch length. Any of the season's coatings develop well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2868—Misses' Dress, with high waistline. Dark red broadcloth was used for this dainty model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

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Northern and Eastern	$3.50	$2.20	$1.10	.50
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RATS Northern and Eastern	.48	.38	.25	.10
Central Sections	.45	.35	.25	.10

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PETRIFIES BEFORE DEATH

New Orleans, La., Nov. 26.—Death from gradual petrification, the body slowly hardening for a year until the flesh became as adamant as marble and proof against incisions, was the report made yesterday in the case of Mrs. Catherine Barrow, 46 years old, of Rosedale, La., who succumbed in the charity hospital.

Physicians were unable to diagnose the malady, but it is believed the woman was afflicted with a form of skin disease involving all the tissues of the body.

Medical scientists expressed the belief that embalming was unnecessary and that the woman's relatives might retain the corpse perpetually.

CANNON ON INSURGENTS

Declares Cummins, La Follette and Others Are Menace to Prosperity.

Kansas City, Nov. 27.—"When Senators Cummins, LaFollette, Bristow, and their so-called 'progressive' following join hands with Mr. Bryan in making war upon the Republican members of congress who passed the tariff bill and upon the President who signed it, in that contest I know of but one way to treat them, and that is to fight them just as we fight Mr. Bryan and his following."

Such was the declaration of Speaker Cannon, who delivered the principal address before the Knife and Fork club here last night.

Mr. Cannon said Mr. Cummins alone had read himself out of the Republican party. He defended the rules of the house, saying they will remain substantially as they have been and are so long as there is a congress.

"Ever since history began," said the speaker, "the man in the minority has been seeking some device by which he could overcome the will of the majority."

"Agitation Halts Prosperity."

Mr. Cannon asserted that while the Payne tariff law is not perfect, it is the best one ever passed under Republican leadership; that since the enactment of the new law, production in this country and imports from foreign countries have greatly increased and day by day conditions are improving.

"The insurgents and their followers," he said, "are seeking to hinder the progress of prosperity by criticism and denunciation, and this, too within three months of the enactment of the tariff law. Only such agitation can halt the prospective era of prosperity.

"The demagogue we have always with us and as ours is a government of the people, the only way to dispose of him is to move on. I am perfectly willing to trust the verdict of a prosperous and happy people in the elections in November, 1910, after the new tariff law has been in operation for over a year.

Scores the "Insurgents."

"The senators and representatives who call themselves 'insurgents' and who voted against the enactment of the Payne bill, voted to increase or maintain the duties on the industries and products of their own states and sections. They were protectionists for their own people, but they were opposed to protection for other people in other sections.

"Senators LaFollette and Bristow and the other insurgents voted to increase the duty on barley and barley malt for the reason that their constituents produce barley. That was their right, but when they voted with the Democrats against the final enactment of the bill they voted to maintain the old schedules of the Dingley law and were not supporting the pledge of the Republican platform or the pledges made by President Taft.

"There was not one member of the Republican majority who secured in the bill as enacted all that he had contended for. President Taft, Senator Aldrich and myself all accepted more compromises than the so-called 'insurgents' were asked to accept."

SETS NATION FIRST

French Premier Puts It Ahead of Church.

Paris, Nov. 27.—In the chamber of deputies yesterday Premier Briand made reply to a speech of Abbe Gayraud, member for Finistere, who had defended the action of the episcopate concerning the public school question and voiced the sympathy of Catholics for the Pope.

Mr. Briand said the time is rapidly approaching "when, as several times had been the case in French history, bishops and priests, subject to the domination of Rome, would prefer to do their duty as Frenchmen rather than their duty as Catholics.

"You are being forced into an attitude which has become so harmful to this country at home and abroad that your consciences as Frenchmen should speak louder than your consciences as Catholics," the premier declared.

"Warfare seems to be essential with some people. It is now a war of the schools. You speak of the possibility of arriving at a peaceful compromise, but do you think the present attitude of the Catholic leaders is conducive to this end?"

BIG SHIPS GIVEN CADETS

Next Summer's Cruise Will Be in First-Class Battleships.

Washington, Nov. 27.—When the Annapolis cadets go on their annual cruise next summer it will be aboard big battleships. Hitherto they have used nothing larger than a protected cruiser or one of the single-turreted monitors.

Next summer the Iowa, Indiana and Massachusets will be assigned to the cruising squadron. These are three of the most ancient battleships of the navy. Together with the Oregon, now on the Pacific coast, they were the only first-class battleships in the navy at the time of the Spanish war. Today the nation has 29 battleships and four more are building.

It is planned that the cruise next summer will be across the Atlantic to European and English ports. In past summers the cadets have cruised along the north Atlantic coast, but with this assignment of the battleships it is thought best to give them a longer and more varied cruise. They will not only benefit from the visit to foreign countries, but they will learn much more on a long cruise in big vessels than they would on a short cruise in such vessels as have been assigned them in the past.

There are three other armored vessels left over from the Spanish war period. The New York, after an extensive overhauling, was recently put into commission again. The Brooklyn is undergoing a similar reconstruction. The second-class battleship Texas, sister ship of the ill-fated Maine, is in service as a receiving ship.

As these old ships are not fitted for important service with the newer vessels there has been some talk in the navy departemnt of organizing a special squadron to consist of the Iowa, Indiana, Oregon, Massachusetts, New York, Brooklyn, Texas and Olympia. The last named vessel, a protected cruiser, was Admiral Dewey's flagship at Manila bay. The New York, an armored cruiser, was Admiral Sampson's flagship, and the Brooklyn, also an armored cruiser, was the flagship of Admiral Schley.

If such a squadron was organized it would be to act as a training squadron or for service in the Caribbean sea and to visit the ports of Central and South America. It is possible that, after next summer's cruise, this proposed plan may be carried out.

RHEUMATISM CURED Through the Feet

Just Send Your Name on a Postal and Get FREE TO TRY My $1 External Remedy That IS CURING THOUSANDS

FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Secretary.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Col. Geo. D. Alexander, a civil war veteran, of Ruston, La., age 84, after 20 years suffering, and after medicines and baths had failed.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. R. C. Hill, of Medford, Ore., 5 years ago, after about 14 years of Rheumatism. She has had no attack since.

Magic Foot Drafts saved the little boy of Mrs. Neroy Pogue, of Ellington, Mo., from being a cripple for life from inflammatory Rheumatism, writes his mother two years ago—no return of rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Mrs. G. W. Johnson, Ridgeway, O., after 13 years suffering. Had spent hundred of dollars trying to get cured.

Magic Foot Drafts cured J. Priest, of Uxbridge, England, after 35 years of pain. Cured 8 years ago. No return.

A million people, all over the world, have accepted our approval offer, and nearly all of them, we hope, are cured to stay cured. Many thousands of them have written us grateful letters, which we are proud to show anyone interested. This great remedy stands alone as the one absolutely safe, convenient external treatment, so sure to cure that we ask no money in advance. Just send your address. Return mail brings you the Drafts, prepaid. Try them as directed, then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. **You decide, and we take your word. Magic Foot Draft Co., W.B.49 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write today.**

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine,

MANUFACTURED BY THE **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

FIX CORPORATION TAX

Expect It Will Yield $25,000,000.

Washington, Nov. 27.—The corporation tax regulations are complete and ready for the printer, reported Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and Commissioner of Internal Revenue Cabell to President Taft at a brief conference at the White House yesterday. It has been a great task to meet all the complexities of the law and the expected attacks upon it by the corporations.

The latest estimates indicate a net revenue under it of approximately $25,000,000 annually, and 122,000 corporations are likely to have to pay corporation taxes.

There are many uncertainties about its effects. In one of the far southwest states, for instance, it has been found that not over 10 per cent of many thousands of corporations whose official existence was authorized ever have actually done business. Improper registration in many cases is fully expected with such a gigantic scheme, but the series of penalties under the law will apply just the same to those who fail to get the forms and regulations. The mailing of the forms and blanks to every corporation listed in the various districts is not specifically required by law, and is merely to assist the corporations. Those not registered should apply immediately to the collectors. All the returns are required to be in the collectors' hands by March 1, then sent to the internal revenue bureau here, where the tax will be assessed and the taxpaying corporation notified by June 1, the tax to be paid by July 1.

The government takes the position that the tax, while it is for the calendar year preceding the collection, really does not date back, that it is an excise and not an income tax, and that it is, in fact, merely a license to do business during the year for which it is collected.

SPAIN'S WAR IS ENDED

Campaign in Morocco Is Considered a Success.

Madrid, Nov. 27.—The minister of war announced today that the government considered that the campaign of Melilla had been terminated with the capture of Atlaten. The Moorish tribesmen offered no resistance to the Spanish troops, but with their families and flocks fled precipitately, waving white flags as they deserted the place. Many of these later surrendered to General Marina.

MICHIGAN BANK IS CLOSED

Cashier, Who Is Son of Chief Owner, Said to Be Missing.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 29.—A Detroit Journal special from Corunna, Michigan, says: "The Bank of Vernon, at Vernon, Michigan, was closed today. Frank Seargent, part of owner of the bank, petitioned the circuit court to appoint C. R. McLaughlin receiver. The bank is capitalized at $20,000. Ned Seargent, cashier and son of the petitioner, is said to have been absent from Vernon since last Thursday.

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URGES NEW LAWS

Ballinger Enters the Field as an Opponent of Land Pirates.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Secretary of Interior Ballinger, in his annual report to the President, makes many recommendations for remedial legislation.

First, he wants to get rid of clerks who have grown too old to do their work properly. To that end he asks congress to provide an involuntary retirement and sustenance statute.

Second, he wants specific authority to classify and segregate the remaining public lands, according to their greatest apparent use, and he asks for legislation that will best conserve coal and oil deposits for the public use. The timber and stone acts of 1878 and 1902 he wants repealed and a law enacted providing for the disposition of all the remaining timber upon the public lands separately from the soil and for the disposition of the land after the timber is removed.

To Control Power Sites.

Power sites are discussed at great length, and the suggestion is made that congress pass a law authorizing the classification and disposal of such lands through the interior department under the following conditions:

That the title to such lands be reserved in the federal government, and only an easement granted for the purpose of developing and transmitting power.

That such easement be granted for a limited period, with a maximum of at least 30 years, and the option of renewal for stated periods upon agreed terms.

That entry shall be accompanied by plans and specifications covering the work sought to be installed and that a substantial entry fee be paid to show good faith.

That the construction period allowed entrymen for the development of at least 25 per cent of such power shall not extend beyond four years.

That a moderate charge shall be made upon the capital invested, or upon the gross earnings of the project the first ten years of operation, adjusted at each subsequent ten-year period, and equitably determined by appraisement.

That all rights and easements shall be forfeitable for failure to make development within the limitations imposed or upon such entry into any contract or combination to charge or fix rates beyond a reasonable profit on the investment and cost of operation, or entry into any agreement or combination to limit the supply of electrical current, or failure to operate the plant.

Admits Big Frauds.

The secretary admits that millions of timber and other public lands have been unlawfully obtained by land pirates and speculators. He also states that actions to recover such lands have, in most instances, long since been barred by the statute of limitations.

Mr. Ballinger adds that the principal awakening to the wasteful disposition of public lands came through the bold and vigorous prosecutions of land frauds by Secretaries Garfield and Hitchcock. These prosecutions, he declares, have restored a salutary respect for the law and the public has rapidly grasped the importance of safeguarding the further disposition of our national resources in the interest of public good as against private greed.

After reviewing, in detail, the work of his department, Secretary Ballinger makes a strong plea for the retirement fund for government employes. He declares:

"No policy within the reach of the executive can humanely solve the difficulties involved in the discharge of superannuated clerks. The department of the interior in all its bureaus in Washington is laboring under a great disadvantage in trying to introduce modern business methods and to keep pace with the increasing volume of work, because of its inability to retire members of the clerical and laboring force after they have become incapacitated by age or other causes."

AGAIN SCORES JUDGE

Gompers Says Wright Is Unfit for Bench.

Washington, Nov. 26.—"I repeat what I have said heretofore, Justice Wright is biased and unfit to wear the judicial ermine."

In these words Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, today referred to Associate Justice Wright, of the District supreme court, who sentenced Mr. Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, all officers of the federation, to varying terms of imprisonment for contempt of court in the Buck's stove and range case. Mr. Gompers returned to Washington today from the annual meeting of the federation at Toronto, but had stopped in New York city for a few days, to attend the sessions of the National Civic federation.

"If the supreme court of the United States declines to permit the issue to come before it for review or affirms the decision of the lower court, will you ask the President for a pardon?" was asked Mr. Gompers.

"I will not," he replied, "nor will I willingly permit my friends to do so. Had I violated any law and been found guilty and sentenced to prison I might consider the question of seeking executive clemency."

Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Gompers said, would be in Washington for any contingency. A writ of certiorari is to be applied for on Monday, when the supreme court convenes, and if this is denied, a writ of habeas corpus will be asked which, if granted, will insure a hearing by the highest tribunal in the land on the question whether or not the men are being denied any of their constitutional rights.

FAKE HANGING BREAKS NECK

Boy Expected Aunt Would Come and Cut Him Down.

Des Moines, Nov. 27.—Harold Perkins, 16, hanged himself to his bedroom door because he had been refused permission to attend a football game.

It is said he expected his aunt, Miss Estella Campbell, with whom he lived, to discover it and cut him down before he died. His neck was broken, however, when he jumped from a chair on which he stood to adjust a trunk rope raund his neck.

His body was found later by his younger brother, who called his aunt. The latter said that Harold had left the door open, expecting her to find him and grant his request to attend the football game.

HIGGINS REWARDS RESCUER

Yachtsman Gives $5,000 to Man Who Saved His Life.

Paris, Nov. 26.—A special to the Figaro from Madrid says that Eugene Higgins, the New York yachtsman, has made a present of $5,000 to the man who rescued him when the Varuna was wrecked on the northwest coast of the island of Madeira.

MOVING PICTURES

OF THE WONDERFUL WORLD CHAMPION

DAN PATCH 1:55

ABSOLUTELY **FREE** POSTAGE PAID

THIS IS THE LATEST HORSE SENSATION AND GREATEST TRIUMPH IN THE MARVELOUS AND REALISTIC MOVING PICTURE ART.

It is a **New Invention** that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly, day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. It is the first successful moving picture ever taken of a World Champion Horse in his wonderful burst of speed. A marvelous race sensation.

A MILE OF THRILLING RACE PICTURES

2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55

and every picture shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his thrilling speed exhibitions for a full mile. 2400 distinct moving pictures taken of Dan in one minute and fifty-five seconds means twenty-one pictures taken every second all of the way around the entire mile track from the back seat of a high power automobile. You can see Dan shake his head to let his driver know that he is ready for a supreme effort and then you can watch every movement of his legs as he flies through the air with his tremendous stride of 29 feet. You can see his thrilling finish as he strains every nerve to reach the wire, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his caretaker force his way through the crowd and throw a beautiful woolen blanket over Dan to prevent his catching cold and then you can follow him up the track before the madly cheering multitudes. As a study of horse motion it is better than the actual speed mile because you can see Dan right before you for every foot of the entire mile. When first shown to the public this marvelous picture caused people to stand up all over the theatre calling "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan."

This remarkable moving picture is the most realistic and the most thrilling ever presented to the public. My Free Offer Subject To Withdrawal Without Further Notice.

I have taken a part of the original 2400 wonderful and sensational pictures and made them into a **Newly Invented Moving Picture** that you can carry in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light. It is all ready to show instantly either once or a hundred times and Creates A Sensation Wherever Shown.

THIS MOVING PICTURE WILL BE MAILED TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE, WITH POSTAGE PREPAID, IF YOU ARE A FARMER, STOCKMAN OR POULTRY RAISER AND CORRECTLY ANSWER THE THREE QUESTIONS.

If You Are A Farmer, Stockman Or Poultry Raiser I Require A Correct Answer To These Three Questions. ——— You Must Answer These Questions.

1st. In what paper did you see my Moving Picture Offer? 2nd. How many head Each of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry do you own? 3rd. How many acres of land do you own or how many acres of land do you rent?

I Personally Guarantee To You One Of These Wonderful Moving Pictures Free If You Are A Stockowner And Answer These Questions And Write Me Today. Signed—M. W. SAVAGE.

IF YOU ARE NOT A STOCKOWNER AND WANT THE MOVING PICTURES SEND ME 25 CENTS FOR POSTAGE

Packing, etc., In Silver or Stamps and I will mail you this Wonderful Moving Picture of Dan Patch 1:55, the fastest harness horse the world has ever seen.—If you send me Twenty-five Cents in Silver or Stamps—EVEN If you do not own any stock or land, I will mail it to you postage prepaid. Reproduction cost me thousands of dollars. *F. A. Holley, Waverly, Neb., Won Forest Patch Contest.* Address

Largest Stock Food Factory in the World. Cash Capital $2,000,000.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

M. W. SAVAGE, Proprietor

APPEAL FOR RELIEF

Porto Ricans Go Before President Taft.

Washington, Nov. 27.—With more than 600,000 agricultural and industrial workers, including men, women and children, in Porto Rico, described as being in an economical and socially deplorable condition, representatives of organized labor in that island today appealed to President Taft for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring people there.

Headed by Santiago Inglesias, a delegate from the Free Federation of Workingmen of Porto Rico, a committee representing that organization called upon President Taft at the White House and laid before him a voluminous petition setting forth the alleged conditions. A somewhat similar representation was made by a delegation from Porto Rico to President Roosevelt, about two years ago, when, it is set forth, Mr. Roosevelt promised to do what he could to cause a change for the better. No improvement has been brought about, however, it is declared.

The petitioners seek an increase in the wage scale, relief from the "mercilessness" of the so-called sugar trust, increased educational facilities for the children of workingmen, an improvement of the "extremely bad" sanitary conditions, the inspection of factories and workshops, the abolition of convict labr, prohibition of the employment of children under 14 years of age in factories, the application of the eight hour and the employers' liability act and citizenship for Porto Ricans.

The charge is made that the legislative assembly dominated by the Unionist party has committed itself against the enactment of labor laws to better the conditions of workingmen in that island, while capital is afforded every opportunity to utilize its resources and encroaching power to the detriment and injury of the laboring classes.

ROOSEVELT PRAISES PEARY

Wrote Letter in Africa Two Months Ago.

New York, Nov. 26.—A letter from Theodore Roosevelt was received by Secretary Bridgman of the Peary Arctic club, today, replying to the cable announcing that Commander Peary had reached the North pole, as follows:

"On Safari, North of
"Mount Kenia, Sept. 22, 1909.

"Dear Mr. Bridgman—Your cable has just been brought me by a native runner here in my camp by the Guaso Nyro. I am writing to Mrs. Peary and to Captain Peary; I have no idea where he is. I am expressibly rejoiced at his wonderful triumph, and proud beyond measure, as an American, that this—one of the great feats of the ages—should have been performed by a fellow-countryman of ours. It is the great feat of our generation. We are Captain Peary's debtors, all of us who belong to civilized mankind. Faithfully,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Wireless Telephones for the Ears

They make the Deaf hear distinctly.

They are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

They are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking off the strain—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds.

And they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt, even when the head rests on the pillow.

These little telephones make it easy for a Deaf person to hear weak sounds, just as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better the hearing grows. Because they rest up, and strengthen, the ear nerves.

By making the sounds louder, it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable.

Wilson's Ear Drums make sounds strike with full force, center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading out weakly all over the surface.

Deafness from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by these little wonder-workers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who were deaf but who now hear.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—tell how their hearing was brought back to them, almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

This book has been the means of making 326,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Get the free book for proof. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to learn how to be well.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 828 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky. (1)

FACE CANADA IN TRADE

United States Has a New Rival for the Orient's Favors.

New York, Nov. 29.—That the United States and Canada are on the verge of a tremendous conflict to settle the question as to which of the two territories is to become the highway of nations, is a situation presaged by the terms of a dispatch received in this city yesterday.

The dispatch announces that the Canadian railroad systems are preparing schedules for trains which will so shorten the time of freights from the Pacific to the Atlantic that they can compete with the Harriman and New York Cenral lines on traffic from the Orient to Europe via the American continent.

That the American railroads, which comprise the Oregon Short Line, Oregon Railway and Navigation company, the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Chicago & Northwestern, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and New York Central will be compelled to put forth their greatest efforts to prevent the Canadian systems from capturing the Oriental trade and allaying the pet plans of the late E. H. Harriman for making the United States the highway of international commerce, seems certain from the features which are being introduced into the Canadian program.

Subsidy Is Planned.

Back of the Canadian plan is a scheme which cannot, according to the views of railroad men here, be put into execution in the United States. That scheme is the adoption of a subsidy to be given to the Canadian railroads, other than the government owned lines, which will enable the railroads to cover the losses which might be occasioned in necessary reductions in freight rates to install initiatory competition with the American lines.

The railroad world of the United States has long been interested in the question of the success of Harriman's plans. The keen-eyed president of the Pacific systems conceived some three years ago that it would be possible, by establishing a faster freight schedule, in overcoming ocean competition on Oriental goods billed to European countries via the Suez canal.

He made a trial shipment, with the result that he demonstrated that goods could be shipped from Osaka, Tokyo and the leading Chinese ports to the Pacific coast ports reached by the Harriman lines, there transferred to the Harriman railroads, hauled across the American continent, transhipped to Europe and reach their destination two weeks ahead of the all-ocean route. And this on only slightly increased time schedule for freight trains.

Schedule Is Shortened.

He therefore evolved the idea of a through freight service, based on passenger train schedules, which would convey the Oriental goods across this continent in five days, reducing the time at least ten days more, over that consumed in the all-ocean route. It is upon Harriman's success that the present Canadian move is based.

The first move has just been made in the arrangement of a schedule for a through transcontinental freight schedule, so rapid as to practically equal that now in force over the Harriman system and its eastern connections. With this schedule the Canadian agents are going hard after Oriental business.

That the American railroads will be given a powerful opposition in their plans of passing Oriental trade across this continent to Europe is nothing less than a certainty, in view of the conditions above briefly outlined.

LORIMER'S MAN WINS

Moxley Elected to Congress in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 24.—Senator Lorimer aided by a large force of Democratic recruits, by apathy among the electors and a light crop of votes, won yesterday in the Sixth congressional district. Lorimer landed Col. William J. Moxley, millionaire butterine maker, in his own former seat in congress by a margin of 6,277 votes over Dr. Carl L. Barnes, independent Republican candidate. If Moxley had polled 137 votes more he would have rolled up as many as Barnes and Frank S. Ryan, Democratic nominee, combined.

Dr. Barnes ran second. Considering the slight vote, the strength he displayed was regarded as somewhat remarkable. In the country towns he ran only 74 votes behind Moxley. He carried Berwyn, Lyons and Oak Park. Oak Park was the village in which Speaker Cannon delivered his defense of Cannonism and the tariff—Barnes carried it by 372 votes.

Frank Ryan came in third, running 1,903 votes behind Barnes. When the votes were counted they showed that even in the city portions of the district Ryan ran only 64 votes ahead of Barnes. In the same city portions Moxley got more than twice as many votes as Ryan, running up 11,417 to the Democratic nominee's 5,278.

The vote was light. It was only a shade over half the full vote in the district. A year ago 54,319 votes were polled in the district at the presidential election.

FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles **FREE**

DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 59, Kansas City, Mo.

WEBER SANATORIUM

A Homelike, Private Institution for Medical, (Non-Surgical) Treatment of all forms of External **CANCER AND TUMORS.**

Conducted by Dr. Charles Weber, 17 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, O. Twenty-eight years experience. Hundreds successfully treated. Descriptive book and references sent upon request.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other catharmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 3 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. 8. American Express Building, Chicago.

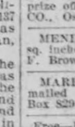
LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. E. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 937 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.



WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address, (Comrade) W. E. MOS

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

THE OPEN DOORS

Elizabeth Ayres

THIS is not much of a tale so far as plot and an exciting climax are concerned. It is only an incident of real life that happened in a city, in the top story of a high apartment building. Among the apartments in the top story were two flats, divided from each other by a narrow hallway. When the doors were open it was possible to see and talk from one flat to the other, but before the time of the "incident" the doors were more often closed than open.

In the big apartment buildings it frequently happens that, while one roof may shelter, year after year, the same families, they remain strangers to one another. This was so in the case of the dwellers in the two flats in the top story, who, though living side by side, were unknown to each other. There were only two in each family. They were young husbands and wives, and the two wives were much alone, as their husbands were "traveling men" and were away from home the greater part of the time. One of the young women had been a wife for a few years, and, having lived in the city long enough to make friends and acquaintances, when her husband was away, though she missed him sorely, she was not quite so lonely as her neighbor.

Her neighbor had come to the apartment building a bride, and a stranger in the city. Soon after the flat was "settled," her husband went away for a trip of several weeks' duration, leaving her alone in their home in the top story. Her loneliness then was something that closely approached misery. She had no one to speak to from one day's end to another. Housework for one did not occupy much of her time, and there were many hours that were empty. When her husband came home it was only for a few days, and then he went away again on his travels. Absorbed in his business affairs, he could not realize how much his wife suffered from loneliness during his absence. He was perfectly satisfied when he was at home, and wished to do nothing but stay there, so long as he was in the city. While he was with her, his wife was happy and contented, but when he was gone, desolation descended upon her.

Gradually the two young women in the top story came to have a speaking acquaintance which finally drifted into conversations when they chanced to meet in the hallway. It was during one of these conversations that the bride-wife told of her loneliness and unhappiness, and in a burst of self-pity said she "almost wished she was dead!" Of course she did not mean this desperate wish; it was only her way of giving exaggerated expression to the state of her feelings, but it had its effect upon the other young woman and filled her heart with sympathy and pity.

"You poor girl," she said, "I am lonely, too. Why not leave our doors open when we are at home through the day and evening, so we may be company for each other?"

She suggested this in so friendly a way that it met with an immediate response from the other.

"Oh, yes!" she returned, eagerly. "I should like it so much. You see," she went on, hesitating a little, "I don't know anyone in the city, and I am alone so much, I get very lonely."

So it came about that every morning the door of the two flats opposite each other were opened and left open throughout the day. The feeling of companionship made both the young women happier, and they thought of innumerable things to say to each other, and the things they said seemed all the pleasanter because they could be called across the hall.

The bride-wife began singing at her work, and the frequent "coming in and out" of her friend, gave her a sense of having visitors, and she often had housecleaning attacks that caused her to make chaos of the contents of her flat, so that she might have the pleasure of restoring them to order and made fresh for her "company."

This wholesale housecleaning afforded much amusement to the other young woman. Her housecleaning experience had been longer, and she seldom disturbed more than one room at a time, but she liked to hear her neighbor at work and to listen to her cheery singing.

From their close companionship there grew a strong friendship between the two women. It went across the hallway, through the open doors from one flat to another, and drove away the loneliness that once had dwelt therein. The two young women had good, cozy, "home folks" times together, and to both the world looked brighter and happier.

This is all there is to the story. I told you it would not be much of a tale, except that it has a moral. Now morals, tacked to a tale, are usually tiresome, but once in a while they may be forgiven, and if for this once you will forgive me, I'll tell you the moral of this tale. It is to keep the doors open both to your hearts and homes.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A "COZY" TALK

We have taken The Blade for two years and although we take a number of other papers, we think it is better than any of the others.

We live in southern Indiana, about 16 miles from Madison, "the city neath the hills." The scenery surrounding Madison is very beautiful and there are many beautiful homes on the hilltops. One can stand on the hills and see for miles down the Ohio river and across the Kentucky hills and valleys. Madison is one of the oldest towns in this state and was at one time the most prosperous, but many towns of later growth have out-shone her now.

I am very interested in the letters about club work and the club which Aunt Florence wrote about especially appealed to me, for I have two little ones of my own, a girl aged three and a boy 22 months, and as I want to raise them to be a credit to their country, I feel that a "Cornelia Club," or something similar, would be of great benefit to me and to many of my friends who are mothers, also.

I want to say a word to those who have been writing of their discontent. If your husband is cross, do not notice it. Just meet him with a smile, or at least pleasant words. Do not pout or whine with the expectation of being petted, for it is very likely that you will only irritate him.

If you love him better than any one on earth—children, mother or anyone—you can easily overlook his faults.

Here is a way to make a pretty and durable couch cover. Take your old silk waists or underskirts, also scraps of ribbon, velvet or worsted, cut in strips as for a rag carpet and sew hit or miss, mixing the colors nicely; then take to a weaver and, using bright carpet warp, have it woven two yards long and a yard wide. Tie the ends of warp for a fringe. You will be pleased with it. Well, I must not tarry too long this time, but will come again.—Bee.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW

I am not going to ask admittance, but will just walk in. I have several reasons for wanting to call—there is a question I wish to ask our Cosy Corner readers:

If a thing is worth doing at all, is it worth doing right? Now please don't all speak at once.

I was taught that it was, but recently I came in contact with a woman who thought not. Her work is "rushed" through any way to get it done. She bears the reputation of being a great worker. Her men folks think her nearly perfect, notwithstanding her high temper and sharp tongue.

This is an instance of how she works:

I saw her take a bucket of dirty wash water, throw it over the kitchen floor, scrub it a little and wipe it up There was no rising. I smiled to myself as I thought how my mother would have made me scrub it over. She never rinses tubs, nor washes her butter, and yet she makes good butter and is considered a model woman.

I want some one older than I, who has had experience, to tell me, can one be too particular?

I have four babies, live on a farm, do all my own work, and do it well, but I am busy all the time. Should I "rush" things through and have more time to visit or sleep, as I feel inclined?

What has become of Old Discontent? Isn't it time for her to write again?

I like the idea of naming farms. We call ours Sunnyside, and that is my mother's pet name for me, as I'm naturally cheerful and looking for the good.—Sunny.

Be sure to "come to call," if you are ever in Toledo.

GOOD RULES TO FOLLOW

Some one complained that the letters were all alike and suggested that a subject should be suggested for discussion in the cozy corner. I have never written before, but to prove that Lycoming people can be different, I will ask why it is that so many conversations turn upon the conduct and faults of our neighbors, and why is it that we seem always ready to depreciate good deeds and to proclaim failings? If we look carefully into the matter, the reason is easily discovered. It is because we are wanting in that humility which directs us to esteem others better than ourselves.

"In humility let each esteem others better than themselves," (Phil. 2-3), and in that charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would be done by. "All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you do you also to them. (Matt. 5-2.)

If we would avoid speaking ill of our neighbors, if we would overcome the habit of publishing their faults, or of causing mischief by tale bearing, we shall do well to try and put in practice the three rules which are often given us by spiritual writers on this point.

The first rule is: If you cannot speak well of your neighbor do not speak of him at all. This is a most excellent maxim, for if you think ill of another, or if you are prejudiced against him, you may be sure that your conversation in regard to person, will be under the influence of this prejudice.

The second rule is: Do not say in the absence of your neighbor what you would not say in his presence. For it is certainly unfair to say hard things, or to aim a blow at the good name of one who, by his absence is unable to defend himself.

The third rule is: Say not of another what you would not have another say of you. Let us endeavor to act in conformity with these rules, and we shall find that they will often put a check on our speech and save us from many a sin against holy charity.

If I have not written too lengthy a letter I may write again some day.—From one who dislikes gossip.

Those who make of love a game and a diversion are frittering away their affections and turning their hearts to dust and ashes.

"I always see the bright side of everything," said a chirky person, "and if there isn't a bright side, I see it anyway."

When hair is tangled after a severe illness, rub it well with alcohol and the tangles will then come out easily.

HOUSE PLANTS

Ferns are looked upon as the most ornamental house plant. They are not difficult to keep in rooms of medium temperature. Of course no plant should be permitted to remain in the soil in which it grew all summer. In fact, the best plants are those that are cut off in the spring and placed in the yard, for at this season the 10 and 12-inch fronds will be strong and healthy. But if this was not done, get rich soil, just as rich as possible, and pack it rather loosely around the roots. Provide good drainage and water the leaves quite often. Keep the earth moist, but not wet all the time. Ferns like a sunny window. The touch of the human hand will blight fern tips, but they can grow together without resulant destruction of the fronds. So handle ferns as little as possible. The table fern should be low and bushy, on the order of an asparagus, frequently sunned in the window and not always kept in a jar or silver dish. Cut off all dead fronds, transplant when the roots are crowded and give plant food.

Something that will delight every beholder is a window box of primroses. These little winter flowers are easy to raise, cheap and have an abundance of blossoms throughout the season. The blooming plants may be transplanted at once in the window box and if roots are not disturbed they will not wither. Keep in a sunny window and water the plants about twice a week. The pure white is really the handsomest variety, yet the two shades should be intermingled in a box to give a bright color. They freeze easily, therefore the necessity of keeping them in a medium warm room.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Why this longing, this forever sighing,
For the far off, unattained and dim?
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers its low, perpetual hymn.

MONDAY

The only thing worth while in life is service to others—a life that will brighten and lift up all it touches.

TUESDAY

Old age need not be a terror unless with the consent of him who is governed by prejudice and traditions the brave and wise should have outlived in a half century.

WEDNESDAY

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

THURSDAY

Who does the best his circumstances allow,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more.

FRIDAY

Smile!
'Til the bluey heavens shine thro',
An' ole Sol winks down at you;
Thinks you are a sunbeam, too,
'Cause you smile.

SATURDAY

If you set out to look for happiness you will never find it. Just get as much good out of life as you can while you go along, and happiness will travel with you.

"GO BURY THY SORROW"

By Beth

SHE CRIES all of the time," some one told me in speaking of a woman who makes her life wretched by dwelling constantly in a dismal valley. The lines in her face show her unhappiness. Her appearance gives the impression of grief. Her black gowns are like trappings of woe. Her whole personality is melancholy, and, as an inevitable consequence, her society, instead of being sought for, is avoided. She is on the sunset side of life, and, while still living—after a fashion—is heading her own funeral procession.

I do not know what troubles this woman; to all outward appearances she has far more than the average, but I know that she is wronging herself and wronging others by her selfish indulgence in unhappiness. Probably she is one of those who find a satisfaction in being miserable. There are many of that kind, you know.

It is a part of life that we must have sorrows and mourn them, but we need not make our mourning a public affair and so afflict others. Every one turns, if possible, from the sight of grief. While we may have every wish to bring sympathy and comfort, we go with shrinking into a house of trouble, dreading the sight of tears and the lamentations of the sorrowing.

We owe our sympathy, not only to our friends, but to all who are in need of it, and we should go quickly to those who are suffering. In turn, the sorrowing have a debt to pay, and this is, after the keen sharpness of a grief has passed—it always passes in time—not to dwell upon it or keep it uppermost in thought and conversation. This is one of the parts that we have to play in helping to make the world's happiness, and this is the meaning of the hymn which has appealed so strongly to countless thousands the hymn which tells us:

"Go bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share."

All of the great hymns have a story connected with their writing, and the story of this one illustrates plainly the thought I have tried to convey to you. This is the hymn's history as it is told in Sankey's story of the gospel hymns:

The author of the hymn was the daughter of a minister. When she wrote these lines she was living with her brother, whom she greatly loved. Like her father, he was a minister, and had the usual cares and burdens to carry that are incident to a pastor's life. To him she confided all her joys and sorrows. One day, after having disclosed to him some trial which she was enduring, she was reproached by her conscience for having needlessly added to his already numerous cares. She stood by the open window and saw the long, heavy shadows cast by the tall poplar trees across the lawn, and the thought came to her: "That is just what I have done to my brother! Why did I do it? Why did I not rather bury my own sorrow, and allow only words of cheer and brightness to reach his ears?"

Under the inspiration of such thoughts she wrote the hymn which has been sung, and is still being sung, the world over.

Take to yourself its lesson.

15 Jewel Elgin

Never before has a 15 ruby jeweled Elgin watch been offered at this price. Regular men's size, worth $20.00 to any man who requires a perfect timekeeper. It is manufactured by the Elgin Nat'l Watch Co. and stamped 15 jewels. Fitted in heavy or medium weight solid oxydized gun metal screw case, both case and works guaranteed for 20 years. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, stating weight wanted, Heavy or Medium, and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory after examination pay express agent our bargain sale price $6.95 and express charges and it is yours. We furnish this watch in 20 year guarantee Solid Gold Filled case for $9.95. State kind wanted, Silver at $6.95 or Gold at $9.95.

15 Jewels

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ROOF GARDENS FOR CHILDREN

THE social reformers, those who are working for the betterment of humanity; to banish the ignorance which is so often the cause of misery, and to aid those who know only the dark side of life, have come to understand thoroughly that the beginning must be made with the children. One phase of this endeavor has been the providing of playgrounds for the young folks who, otherwise, must play in the streets.

Even in the small way in which this work has been conducted in Toledo much good has resulted, although the playground facilities are limited, and, perhaps, the importance of this work is not generally understood. A place to play is the great need of children. Their play is the source of their growth, mentally and physically, and the money that is used for parks and playgrounds is not wasted. It provides for the physical and mental welfare of the children; gives them health of body and cleanliness of blood, and helps to provide for the future welfare of the nation.

In the December number of The Craftsman is a description of a new little pleasure world which is being provided for the children on the roofs of New York's high buildings, and from this description the following story is taken:

Beyond the flight of the dust from the streets, above the clatter of the elevated trains and the noise of the people continuously passing, upon the roofs of some of the tall buildings, gardens in the air are flourishing and blossoming. Here the children from close crowded houses, like paler flowers, begin to flourish and their cheeks to blossom with the color of health. Here, upon the broad deck-like roofs, overlooking a sea of other roofs, the children romp and play, and in this little world of their own, bounded by growing hedges, they live close upon the pleasures of stirring air and warming sun and pursue, uninterrupted, the childish fancies that crowded life of tenements and streets deny them.

Henry Phipps, a practical philanthropist, conceived the idea of utilizing the roofs of tenement houses as gardens and for this purpose he established a trust fund of $1,000,000.

A GARDEN IN THE AIR. —From The Craftsman.

The Phipps roof garden extends over a group of tenements covering an entire block and the roof includes an area of several thousand feet. The rear portion is arranged for the drying of clothes, but that still leaves a place for an ample garden. The edge of the roof is lined with garden boxes containing all sorts of hardy shrubs and vines. The shade is given by awnings and by pergolas at the corners. All day the place is filled with children, and the mothers often come to sit there with their sewing, enjoying their neighbors and watching the children play. Sundays and noon hours it affords a cool resting place for the fathers and brothers who work in factories and shops, and by reason of the number of people who gather there it offers all the social attraction of the street corners.

Another well known roof garden is that belonging to the Jacob Riis house, which used to be the old "King's Daughters' Settlement House." The former name still clings to the place and has been abbreviated by the neighborhood people until the roof garden is known everywhere by the lovely name of the "The King's Garden."

Two other roof gardens are those belonging to the Grace church societies. These gardens are frequented especially by the Italian population, as the church buildings all stand on the edge of the East Side Italian quarter. The garden belonging to the mission house is used as a meeting place in summer for the various clubs that form a feature of all settlement life. These clubs average from 10 to 30 members and are organized for special purposes; they are educative, athletic, dramatic or purely social.

The other garden belonging to the Grace church societies, is the Day Nursery garden, where the Deaconesses in charge try to become personally acquainted with the mothers of all the children that frequent the garden, and to encourage the parents to feel free to consult them on the various problems that come up in their domestic life, so that the helpful influence of the garden is not limited to the children alone.

Considering the damage that one child can do in a garden, it is remarkable that with so many children playing about, there is anything left of the flowers and hedges that surround this one, but these children are so thoroughly instructed and interested in the growth and care of the plants, that each assumes a personal responsibility for their preservation, and so the vines and flowers and children flourish together, high out of sight, in the gardens in the air.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

For some time I have been contemplating writing a letter. I have had great enjoyment from many letters and now I wish to give my views on the voting question.

Some years ago I was much opposed to suffrage for women. I did not think there was any need of it, but my views have changed and I am now an ardent suffragist. My reason for the change may be evident to the observing. A woman in this state (Washington) has no right to any part of the income derived from her own labor, or that of her husband. He may leave her if he chooses, without one cent with which to live. She cannot compel him to support her; she must bring suit for divorce and ask for alimony, as the only means of receiving support from him. The courts hold that otherwise a husband is supposed to support his wife. Again, if the husband dies, the wife gets only one-third of the property she has worked as hard as her husband to acquire. If they have children, the children get the rest. If not, the man's father, mother, or brothers and sisters receive the labor of her hands. It is a well established fact that a man can keep himself and wife for less than he can support himself alone, when he has to pay room rent and hire his laundering done. I speak now of judicious women; of course there are some who are imps or freaks, just as there are men who are—simply any word you wish. They should be called blanks.

I was privileged to live in Portland, Oregon, during the latest attempt to obtain the franchise for women. Two young women, supposed to be ladies from high society, on a wager made by a gentleman that they would not dare to go to the poles and oppose the issue, spent the entire voting day there, saying to the voters that it was not a ladylike thing for women to vote. In that precinct they defeated the franchise. Now please "show me" wherein it would have been less like a lady to go quietly and vote, or at least discuss the measure favorably and then go home to attend to other duties without heeding the dare of a simpleton?

Would things be under better control if women were to vote? What would be gained? I cannot tell what would be the advantage, for I am not a prophet, but I am sure it could not make matters worse. If they did not use the franchise right, who would suffer the most? I think a woman has as much right to tell the man what to do as he has to tell her. If you are a happy, contented woman, married to "the best man in the world," please use your influence to help those less fortunate. There are more women in the world than men, and they can do what they will—or are they each afraid the other will get the man?—Western Wonder.

Most assuredly, Western Wonder, write again, but not on the franchise question. We must drop this discussion before long, though we have many good letters on the subject which I am afraid will not get published. You know we cannot keep up the same thing for too long, as we have many readers to please and interest.—Miss Prudence.

Being a reader of The Blade, and seeing that the question up for discussion is on woman suffrage, I thought I should like to take a part. I think it would be all right for women to vote if they would cast their vote and then go home and attend to their own affairs, but for them to try to run men out of office is neither fair nor right. No woman, no matter how well educated she may be, has as broad a mind or as steady nerves as the intelligent man, besides, the woman can do more good for the country by giving her children the right kind of training. To do this, she must be at home the most of the time.

If women take all the best positions and draw all the best salaries, the men will have nothing to do, only to go to the hills and farms, and some of them will commit suicide before they will tend a farm. The most of men are given to the tobacco and liquor habits, and when they get out of employment, they only drink the more, lose their self-respect, and go from bad to worse. The way for the women to make the country good, is to honor and respect their husbands, help them to respect themselves, and train the children to respect their parents.

One woman writes that the men only want the women to be breeders and domestic animals. We could not expect the men to bear children, and a man would not look very well rocking the cradle while his wife goes to an office. That is not the natural way.

Of course there are women in the world who have money to hire their work done and time drags on their hands. They are the kind that make all the excitement about woman suffrage. It is just to have something to do. If women do not want to keep house and take care of children, let them remain single. The modest, refined, womanly woman is the kind for me and I would not vote for a woman president. Taft is good enough for the time being. I have written enough for now so will say good-bye, hoping to hear from some of the other old-fashioned women.—M. Kent.

We have been taking The Blade for a long time, but I have just recently begun to read the letters and find them so interesting that I cannot resist the temptation to join you. I am a girl 19 years old, and I live in the country and am glad of it. I have spent most of my life in going to school, and I do not know much, either. I was graduated from the high school last June, and since then have been staying at home. Sometime I may tell you about this country, but at present I will stick to the subjects assigned, namely clubs and women's suffrage. I feel as if I could write a volume on the latter, so I had better choose the former and not tire you. For the past three years I have belonged to a club called the Ideal Improvement, and it is well named. We have only a few members, for there are only a few young people here in the country, but we make good use of the few. We never hold meetings except in winter evenings. The first winter the club was a reading circle. We had officers, chose our book the previous meeting, and appointed some one to have a review of it. Then we discussed the book, giving our ideas upon its weak and strong points. Those who are fond of literature will find this very interesting, as well as helpful. We usually spent about an hour at this, and then had music, games and light refreshments.

Some of the books we read were Scott's Ivanhoe, two books by Winston Churchill, Ben Hur and some by Ralph Connor. In the past winter we had no officers, and the girls took embroidery and worked while the boys read to them. We had some good debates, which widened our views considerably on some points. We still had our games, refreshments and music.

This winter we girls are thinking of a cooking club held in the daytime, and of giving parties occasionally, to which we shall invite our fathers and mothers and "the boys," feeding them with our own wares. To some this may seem like dull amusement for young people, but I never found it so. Pardon my writing so long a letter the first time. I hope I have not worn out my welcome. Best wishes to the M. G. R.'s. —Maude S.

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer.

Some time ago it was announced in these columns that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for awhile longer, at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of female diseases, displacements, falling of the womb, irregularities, painful periods, leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration and tumors; also pains in the head, back and bowels, nervousness, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day; not necessary to write a letter, simply send this notice with your name and address at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7527 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Nothing good can come from brooding over what cannot be helped.

When in the rush of things you feel you are flying to pieces, then is the time to sit down quietly and sort of hoop yourself in.

The ones who hold themselves steady are the ones who accomplish the most and suffer the least from "wear and tear."

A sure way to make a happy home is to be happy yourself.

We are often advised to keep a song going in our hearts, but sometimes it is hard not to make the song a dirge.

There's always a cry of pain in the world. Do all you can to bring healing.

It is not always those who stand on high places who are the happiest. They must constantly struggle to keep on their pedestal.

You who constantly need cheering up, go into the cheering business on your own responsibility, and you will not be in need of so much help.

There is a right and a wrong side to every one of us, and, like badly made garments, we are at our worst when the seamy side is out.

Platonic friendships usually end in disaster for either one or the other of those most concerned.

There is one thing women may envy men, and that is their capacity for true friendship with one another.

It is a good thing to know when to let "well enough" alone. Frequently we bring disaster upon ourselves by not knowing where to get off.

By Emily S. Bouton

THE LIFE JOYFUL.—Gift-book in white and gold, 50 cts. Address author, 2139 Glenwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

By Alexander Smart.

Why flies time so fast?
Days, months and years glide by,
And each looks shorter than the last,
And swifter seems to fly.
On viewless wing; still rushing on,
To join the flight of ages gone,
Their silent course they ply.

It seemed when we were young
Time lingered on the way,
For hope, like any siren, sung
The livelong summer day.
Oh! sweetly sung of promised bliss,
Too bright for such a world as this,
Too beautiful to stay.

And then the winter night,
So lively and so long,
When round the fireside, blazing bright,
Went merriment and song;
Long were the hours, for we were then
Impatient to be happy men
And join the busy throng.

Hope's radiance in the heart,
In youth supremely blest,
Can transitory joys impart,
The brightest and the best;
The ills of life come all too soon,
And why should clouds obscure the moon
That warms the youthful breast?

When life's young dream is o'er
And fancy's fires decay,
And hope's illusions charm no more
Nor chide the lingering day,
Then Time sweeps on winged speed,
Or, like a thief, with noiseless tread,
Steals all our years away.

Fled like a dream the past,
The joyous banquet o'er,
Our longing looks we backward cast,
And think on days of yore,
Brood on each scene in joy or woe
Till we grow old before we know
That we are young no more.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Author Unknown.

"Will you come into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "for I've often heard said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection I have always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "kind sir, that cannot be.
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider: "you're witty and you're wise!
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den;
He knew the vain and silly Fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing!
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head,
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas, how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flittering by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,
And dreaming of her crested head—poor, foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came down again!
And now, do you take warning! all who this story hear;
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear;
To all deceitful counselors, close heart, and ear, and eye:—
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

HOLLOW, HOLLOW

Author Unknown.

I stood beneath a hollow tree,
The blast it hollow blew,
I thought upon the hollow world
And all its hollow crew,
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow;
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,
And hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a king,
What hollow hearts oft bear it!
To hollow wiles or honied smiles
Of ladies fair I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays
The hollow dupes who heed him,
The hollow critic vends his praise
To hollow fools who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand
Is but a summer swallow;
What e'er I see is like this tree,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MI

Author Unknown.

I wander on as in a dream,
My goal a paradise must be.
For there an angel waits 'twould se
Yet lo! dear heart, 'tis only thee.
Suns may shine to light my way, dear
Wealth be mine for aye, dear,
Queens may pledge their riches, too,
Yet the world would still be lonely
With such virtues only,
Life to me, dear, means just you.

Chorus.

I care not for the stars that shine,
I dare not hope to e'er be thine,
I only know I love you,
Love me, and the world is mine.

My soul soars on to realms above
Thro' mystic lands it seems to go
As if 'twere borne on wings of love,
The love that only angels know.
Your bright eyes, like beacons, guide
Thro' the clouds that hide me,
Would that they were mine to wo
All the joys the world may hold, de
Lands, and wealth untold, dear,
Seem as naught compared to you.

TWO SWEETHEARTS OF MI

Author Unknown.

A crowd of young fellows one night a club,
Were telling of sweethearts they'd ha
With all of them jolly excepting one
And he seemed downhearted and sad.
"Come, Ned, won't you join us,"
comrades then asked,
"For surely some girl has loved you,"
In raising his head, as proudly he sa
"Why, boys, I'm in love with two."

CHORUS.

"One has hair of silvery gray,
The other is just like gold,
One is gay and youthful,
Whilst the other is bent and old.
But dearer than life are both to me
From neither would I part,
One is my mother, God bless her, I l
her,
The other is my sweetheart.

"My sweetheart, you see, is a poor wo
ing girl.
But still I am determined to wed,
My father says no, it can never be so,
Go marry an heiress instead.
I have won mother over, she knows h
it is.
When father married her she was poor
She says, 'Ned, don't fret, she will
your wife yet,
For he will consent, I am sure.'"

UNCLE SAM'S FARM

Author Unknown.

Of all the mighty nations,
In the East or the West,
This great Yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation
And our banner is unfurled,
Here's a general invitation
To the people of the world.

CHORUS.

Come along, come along,
Make no delay,
Come from every nation
Come from every way.
Our land is broad enough,
So don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give us all a farm.

From the great Atlantic Ocean,
Where the sun begins to dawn,
It stretches 'cross the country
Away to Oregon.
The clear and dashing waterfalls
That course along the hills,
Are just the thing for washing sheep
And driving cotton mills.

We're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto's "go ahead."
You may tell the foreign papers
That our people are well fed,
For "Uncle Sam" is not a fool,
The people do the voting and the ch
dren go to school.

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

By J. W. Van De Venter.

I never can forget the day
I heard my mother kindly say,
You're leaving now my tender care,
Remember, child, your mother's pray

CHORUS.

When'er I think of her so dear,
I feel her angel spirit near;
A voice comes floating on the air,
Reminding me of mother's prayer.

I never can forget the voice
That always made my heart rejoice;
Tho' I have wandered, God knows wh
Still I remember mother's prayer.

Tho' years have gone, I can't forget
Those words of love, I hear them yet
I see her by her old arm chair,
My mother, dear, in humble prayer.

Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace!
We'll meet up yonder, face to face,
The home above together share,
In answer to my mother's prayer.

POEMS REQUESTED

The Runaway's Return, a poe
that appeared in one of the old rea
ers, is requested. It begins:

Well, here I am in the village where
was born,
The sun is up and shining brightly.

The Wilderness of Blood, publish
in a Watertown paper shortly aft
the battle of the Wilderness, is ask
for.

Another song wanted is the one which the following belongs:

And she l e me say to you, just t
sim words, "good-bye, I'm s
ing home."

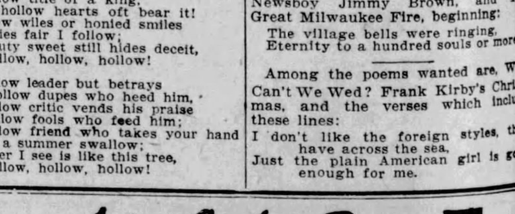
We are asked for the songs, T
Newsboy Jimmy Brown, and T
Great Milwaukee Fire, beginning:

The village bells were ringing,
Eternity to a hundred souls or more

Among the poems wanted are, W
Can't We Wed? Frank Kirby's Chri
mas, and the verses which inclu
these lines:

I don't like the foreign styles, th
have across the sea,
Just the plain American girl is go
enough for me.

Get this Gold Pair Free



DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

when you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred-thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the ROLLED GOLD pair forever without a cent of pay if you accept my special extraordinary advertising proposition, and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on one easy, simple condition? If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat ROLLED GOLD Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World, and Perfectly Reliable

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU 4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for $3.20

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

A whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours. If it fails to please you, Send us your order TO-DAY and we care to address our nearest Shipping depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 5129
St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
Jacksonville, Fla. New Orleans, La.

Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

Accept these Free!

To Reduce Our Large Stock of OLD KENTUCKY WHISKIES

Before the Legislature passes more prohibition laws, we have cut our regular price almost in half, and will ship All Express Paid, on receipt of price, our famous

100 Proof OLD COMMANDER BOURBON WHISKEY Double Stamp

4 Quarts or 1 Gallon $2.95 — 8 Quarts or 2 Gallons $5.45

Absolutely pure, straight Whiskey, not adulterated nor rectified. Aged and Matured in Bond under Government Supervision. No better whiskey in the world, none richer or mellower, or better for medicinal purposes. The quality usually sold at $5.00 per gallon.

Save Dealers' Profit, Get Pure Whiskey Direct From Kentucky Distillery

TRY IT AT OUR RISK and if you are not more than satisfied return at our expense, and we refund money at once.

FREE WITH EACH ORDER Two full size sample bottles of Gin and Brandy, with whiskey glass and cork screw. Additional special premium with each 2 gal order. Order Today as this offer will be withdrawn when our stock is reduced.

KENTUCKY CO-OPERATIVE DISTILLERY CO.
Warehouse Depot No. 18 Louisville, Ky.

Glass Pistol Filled with RARE OLD WHISKEY FREE

We wish to announce to all our customers, that with every order received between now and Dec. 31st, 1909, we will include, free, one of these Glass Pistols with nickled Screw cap filled with full half pint rare old Private Stock 1890, and also make this Xmas offer to every reader. Just in order to prove that our whiskey is the best to be had anywhere by actual test, we will ship, express prepaid, to any address—

2 Full Qts. Camp Spring Bourbon, $1.50
1 Full Qt. Private Stock (Very Old), 1.40
1 Full Qt. Choice Port or Sherry Wine, .65
Only $2.75

One Xmas Pistol filled with Private Stock 1890, Free.

EXPRESS PREPAID

Full Quart Bottles: 4 Quarts Camp Springs Whiskey; 2 Quarts Private Stock, Very Old; 2 Quarts Choice Port or Sherry Wine. The Pistol Free, filled with Private Stock 1890. $5.00

EXPRESS PREPAID

We guarantee this whiskey to be pure, straight Kentucky goods, no compound nor mixture—fully aged and matured. This is just the best assortment for Xmas and we guarantee the goods to meet your most fastidious taste; if not entirely satisfactory, return the whiskey after sampling and get your money back. With each shipment a beautiful Xmas Glass Corkscrew free. Goods shipped in plain, sealed packages.

CONSUMERS DIST. CO., 1442 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

TRY IT AT OUR RISK

ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY
4 FULL QUARTS $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

The best Rye Whiskeys in the world are made in the Monongahela valley, Pittsburg district of Pennsylvania, where Eleda is made.

This whiskey is absolutely pure, fine and wholesome, and we offer you this Whiskey on trial at a less price than you can buy equal quality whiskey anywhere, because we save you the enormous dealers' profits.

Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it, let your friends sample it, have your doctor test it, and if you don't find it just as we claim and perfectly satisfactory in every way, ship it back to us at our expense. We stand all the expenses, even the whiskey you sample. Send us a trial order today—NOW—and get a finer, richer and more palatable whiskey than you have ever tasted.

Orders for Ark., Cal., Colo., Fla., Ida., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., N. Mex., N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Tex., Utah, Wash., or Wyo. must call for 20 quarts or more by Freight Prepaid.

MORRIS FORST COMPANY
204 SMITHFIELD ST., PITTSBURG, PA.
OUR REFERENCES—Any Bank or Express Company in Pittsburg.

GREATEST OFFER YET

A GALLON STONE'S EXTRA PRIME WHISKEY $1.95
AS GOOD AS ANY $4.00 WHISKEY.....

Positively not more than 3 gallons at this price.

We make this great offer to get our whiskey introduced. Absolutely Pure, Rich and Mellow. Taste it, and if it is not the best whiskey you have ever had at double the price, send it back at our expense and your money will be returned by first mail. We do not ship C. O. D. or on credit.

Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., or any express company.

STONE MERCANTILE CO., 39 Stone Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

The Famous SKELLER BEER

BREWING BREWING CO., New Albany, Ind.

ORANGES GROW IN DAKOTAS

Sioux City, S. D., Nov. 24.—That oranges will grow in the Dakotas has been proved by Mrs. Warren Fiske, of Grand Point, S. D., who brought in a branch to the city, laden with five good sized specimens of the orange variety. She has had the tree in her possession for 20 years, during which time she has been untiring in her care of it, keeping it outdoors in the warm months and caring for it in the house during the winter months.

She says that the tree now has 50 oranges on it the size of the specimens she brought to Sioux City, and in addition it is in full bloom.

LYMAN GAGE MARRIES

Former Secretary of Treasury Weds at Age of 73.

San Diego, Cal., Nov. 26.—Mrs. Frances Ada Ballou, aged 35, daughter of George H. Ballou, prominent tea and spice importer of this city, became the wife of Lyman Judson Gage, aged 73, former secretary of the treasury, last evening at 8 o'clock.

Rev. Willard B. Thorpe, pastor of the First Congregational church and formerly pastor of a prominent Chicago church, who is a close friend of the groom, officiated. The bride was formerly the wife of J. C. Crane, a wealthy Pittsburg man, from whom she was divorced several years ago.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding supper was served, after which the newly wedded pair departed for Denver, where they will be guests at a number of social affairs arranged for them. From Denver Mr. and Mrs. Gage will go to Chicago and on to Washington, returning here about the first of the year to make their home on Point Loma, where the former secretary recently erected a palatial residence. Although the residence is close to the Theosophical headquarters maintained on Point Loma by Katherine Tingley, and despite the fact that Mr. Gage has often been proclaimed a follower of Mrs. Tingley, both bride and groom deny any affiliation with the Theosophists.

Mr. Gage has been a resident of San Diego the last three years. During the administration of President McKinley he served as secretary of the treasury. Prior to that time he was president of the First National Bank of Chicago.

He has been living a very quiet life since coming here, his connection with the proposed California-Panama exposition as adviser to the board of directors being the first time he has interested himself in local public affairs. His bride is one of the popular members of the social set of Coronado and this city. After her divorce from her first husband she became engaged to an aged and wealthy resident of Kansas City named Moore, but he died a short time before the date of the wedding while on a business visit in Kansas City.

FIGHT TILL THEY FALL

Woman and Girl Die to Protect Men.

Williamson, W. Va., Nov. 26.—Firing from the doorway of their home on a sheriff's posse to give their father and brothers time to escape, Mrs. Charles Daniels and her 16-year-old daughter were shot to death yesterday near Devon, Mingo county, by the officers.

The affair grew out of a family feud on the borders of Kentucky and West Virginia. The Christians lived in Mingo county, West Virginia, and the Daniels in Pike county, Kentucky. About three weeks ago George Christian ventured to the Kentucky side and was slain by Jim Daniels. Christian and Daniels were brothers-in-law and had formerly been allies.

After the killing of Christian the two families and their friends became involved. The Christians secured warrants for Jim Daniels and his brother Charles, and led a posse of Pike county officers to the home of the Daniels. When the officers approached within a few feet of the house Mrs. Daniels and her daughter opened fire with rifles, one of the posse receiving a bullet in the arm. Then the Christians opened fire. Mrs. Daniels was shot down in the doorway, but her daughter stood over her and fired upon the posse until she dropped dead across her mother.

SEEK TO PROTECT COOK

Public Is Urged to Spare Explorer, Whose Health Is Threatened.

New York, Nov. 29.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and is in seclusion in this vicinity in hopes of recovery.

The explorer's brother, W. L. Cook, has made the following statement: "Dr. Cook is in the vicinity of New York trying to get a much needed rest. If he decides to go to Europe there will be no secrecy concerning his departure. I think that his friends and critics alike should be charitable enough to allow him to rest until his health is fully restored."

WELLMAN IS SAVAGE IN ATTACKING COOK

Washington, Nov. 29.—Walter Wellman, whose preparation for a conquest of the North Pole in an airship were abandoned upon the announcement of the claims of Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Commander Robert E. Peary, has issued a statement in which he analyzes the narratives of the two explorers, declares that of Peary "precise, workmanlike, consistent, credible in every particular," and denouncing that of Dr. Cook as a self-evident and even deliberate imposture.

"Cook's story is suspicious both in what it does tell and what it does not tell," Mr. Wellman declares. "He is generally vague and indefinite, but, like most men of his class, altogether too precise at the wrong place. Nowhere does his story ring true. It is always an approximation of reality itself. This is true of his figures, his descriptions, everything.

DARING AVIATORS DIE

Two Germans Killed as Balloon Falls.

Berlin, Nov. 26.—Dr. Brenckmann and Hugo Francke, the two most daring members of the Aero club of Berlin, have been killed through the collapse of their balloon "Kolmar." Their bodies were found today near Fiume, Austria-Hungary. Nearby was their balloon, a huge rent in the envelope telling the story of their death. Brenckmann had been the third person to insure his life with the newly formed company which makes a business of air navigation risks.

Dr. Brenckmann was connected with the charity hospital of Berlin and Francke was an architect. Their aerial exploits in the past have attracted much attention and no little alarm on the part of intimate friends. They ascended on Monday from Schmargendorf, a suburb of Berlin. The point at which the bodies were found is on the northern edge of the Gulf of Quarnero, at the northeast extremity of the Adriatic sea and in an almost direct line south 500 miles from Berlin.

NEW GOVERNOR IS NAMED

Chief Justice of New Mexico Is Appointed.

East Las Vegas, N. M., Nov. 24.—Chief Justice Mills, of the New Mexico supreme court, was tendered the office of governor of New Mexico by President Taft, today, and accepted it. Judge Mills was appointed chief justice in 1893, by President McKinley, and served continuously since. He graduated from Yale in 1877.

FOR THE PUBLIC

New Formula Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Hoarseness in Five Hours.

Much is being done in these days to stop the ravages of consumption, but probably nothing has been so effective as teaching the public how to break up a cold and cure coughs, bronchitis, tonsilitis, etc., with simple home-mixed medicine. A laxative cough syrup, free from whiskey is the prime need. A cough indicates inflammation and congestion and these in turn are due to an excess of waste and poisons in the system. A tonic laxative cough syrup rids the system of congestion, while relieving the painful coughing. Get the following and mix at home: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less, according to age. Cut this out and save it for some friend.

MRS. ROOSEVELT BACK

Will Spend Christmas Holidays at Oyster Bay.

New York, Nov. 26.—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt was a passenger on the North German Lloyd liner Koenig Albert, in yesterday from the Mediterranean. Her daughter, Miss Ethel, accompanied her. Collector William Loeb, who was once secretary to Col. Roosevelt, went down the bay on a revenue cutter and came up from quarantine with Mrs. Roosevelt, who did not leave her cabin until the liner had docked and the gangplank had been put up.

When he spied several photographers trying to get a picture of Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Loeb used his umbrella as a shield, switching it so deftly that the camera men were able to show nothing but negatives portraying a large and shining umbrella.

Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Roosevelt's brother-in-law, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Theodore, Jr., Congressman Cocks, of Oyster Bay, Joseph Murray, former assistant commissioner of immigration at this port, and a number of personal friends of Mrs. Roosevelt greeted her at the pier. She said she did not care to talk for publication.

She will spend the Christmas holidays at Oyster Bay, after a trip to the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, in Cincinnati.

It is said that Mrs. Roosevelt will return to Italy, where she has been stopping for the last several months at the villa of her sister, Miss Carew, early in February to await the return of Col. Roosevelt from the jungle and that she would accompany his and their son Kermit to this city.

WOES STIFLE LAUGHTER

She Who Wanted to Make World Smile Ends Life.

St. Louis, Nov. 24.—Mrs. Grace Hubbard, whose ambition was to make the world laugh at comedies from her pen, was herself the chief figure in a tragedy. Heart-broken because, she alleged, her most elaborate comedy sketch had been stolen by a theatrical manager, she committed suicide.

Her body was found last night in a bare flat at 134 A, North Taylor avenue, but her identity and the full story of her struggles did not become known until neighbors revealed them today. Charles Tidwell, a janitor of the apartments, said Mrs. Hubbard told him of the loss of her sketch.

"I took the work to a St. Louis theatrical manager," she told Tidwell, "and he asked me to leave it for a few days. When I returned he said that it was not available, but later I saw my act performed, word for word. In my disappointment I had torn up the original manuscript, and so had no redress."

When the police broke into the rooms their emptiness showed how the woman had tried to keep the wolf from the door while she was waiting for some of her writings to bring in financial return. Furniture, dishes, linen and jewelry had been sold until the only articles left in the flat were a bed and a chair.

Make Your Own Lager Beer

24 Full Pint Bottles Free.

Make Your Own Lager Beer In Your Own Home At Less Than Seven Cents Per Gallon.

You can brew the beer either in kegs or bottles and in 15 minutes you can make enough to last you for weeks. This is a real genuine hop and malt beer, wholesome, nourishing, appetizing and pure. You can make it just as good as St. Louis and Milwaukee beer, no experience is necessary. I have thousands of letters from satisfied customers. "San Marcos, Texas, R. F. D. No. 3, box 35. Mr. Henning Wennersten, Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find $5.00 for one dozen cans of Braumeister Beer Extract. We cannot too highly recommend this fine beer. It tastes excellent and should be used by every one. It is so easy to make that anyone can make it and it takes no time to do so. It is far better beer for family use than any bottle or saloon beer and so inexpensive that all economical families should use it. Yours respectfully, Mrs. Albert Runge."

Fill out the following coupon today enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help the cost of packing and postage. I will send you a sample can free, enough to make 24 full pint bottles. I will also tell you just how to make it. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

This entitles you to a free trial can of Braumeister Beer Extract, enough to make 24 pints, also free instructions how to make it. Simply fill out your name and address on blank lines below, mail to Henning Wennersten, Brewmaster, 131 Wennersten Block, Chicago, Ill., enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help cost of packing and postage. Your money back if not satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

REVEALS PIN IN BODY

Doctor Pushes Light Globe Into Aesophagus.

Pittsburg, Nov. 26.—Little Margaret Van Kleek was taken back to New York by her parents Wednesday night, after having successfully passed through one of the most remarkable operations in surgical history. Pittsburg surgeons saved the little one's life after the most eminent surgeon's of New York classed the case as hopeless.

The child, who is 14 months old, swallowed a safety pin that was open. She nearly choked to death, but the pin, lodging deeper in the aesophagus, permitted her, after a time, to breathe.

The frantic parents took her from one surgeon to another in New York and were told that the only way the pin could be removed was by cutting through from the outside of the body—an operation that meant, in all probability, death.

The parents heard of a remarkable operation performed by Dr. Chevalier Jackson, of Pittsburg, some time ago, when he was hastily summoned to New York, to remove a tack from a patient's ung, working from the inside. They determined to bring little Margaret here.

Three surgeons assisted in the operation that required specialists in anesthesia, oxygen administration and X-ray.

By means of the X-ray the position of the pin was located. The child was placed on the table and a tube inserted in the aesophagus, being passed down until it reached the spot where the pin was located. Through this tube was passed a small incandescent globe, illuminating the passage to the pin. It was discovered that the point of the pin was in such a position that any attempt to remove, without first manipulating it, would force the pin through the aesophagus and into the lung.

With the baby patient's body illuminated with light inside the tube, Dr. Jackson, with a specially prepared instrument, manipulated the pin, finally geting it into such a position that he could close it. Then, with a slender hook, he caught the pin in the ringed end and drew it through the tube, first drawing away the small light. The operation required 20 minutes.

DEATH HOLE IS SHUT

Victims' Bodies Are Left to Burn.

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 26.—The sealing up indefinitely of the main shaft of the St. Paul mine with a three-foot concrete bed ribbed with steel beams, and the desertion of the scene of the great mine disaster by mine officials, mine experts and a part of the relief corps yesterday, marks the last chapter of the fatal catastrophe.

Battalion Chief McDonald, of the Chicago fire department, after an inspection of the work being accomplished by his men, who had been throwing water into the east bottom of the mine for morethan a week, advised the state mine inspectors and the representatives of the coal company that the water was not reaching the fire, and that he saw no use of throwing in any more, as it was merely filling the third vein. Bodies of the known dead in that vein are already inaccessible owing to the quantity of water, and to increase the flood, McDonald said, would delay indefinitely recovery of the bodies.

Mr. Williams, of the Urbana rescue station, who had been keeping careful note of the gases formed in the mine, reported that the fire had extended to the coal pillar and was forming dangerous gases and making it perilous for rescuers to continue at work.

All day Thursday hired miners worked sealing securely the yawning shaft, dooming to consumption by the raging fire within almost 200 feet of their unrecovered dead. Late last night the members of the state mining board left Cherry for Chicago to confer with Governor Deneen and place before him the results of their investigation.

Saloons ran full blast yesterday for the first time since the disaster. It was a move by the company to test the feelings of the miners who had shown open dissatisfaction to the sealing of the mine. No disturbances occurred.

The state troops will break camp and leave Cherry today. Everything has resumed its normal status and will remain so until the various investigating bodies are prepared to begin their active work.

FACED ANGRY RHINO

Roosevelt Shot as Big Beast Charged.

New York, Nov. 24.—In Theodore Roosevelt's latest installment in Scribner's describing his African hunting experiences in an account of an adventure with a rhinoceros that shows how slight a mischance might have given reality to such rumors as recently were circulated relative to the death of the distinguished hunter:

"The huge beast was standing in entirely open country," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "although there were a few scattered trees of no great size at some little distance from him. We left our horses in a dip of the ground and began the approach; I cannot say that we stalked him, for the approach was too easy. The wind blew from him to us, and a rhino's eyesight is dull. Thirty yards from where he stood was a bush four or five feet high, and though it was so thin we could distinctly see him through the leaves, it shielded us from the vision of his small piglike eyes as we advanced toward it, stooping and in single file, I leading. The big beast stood like an uncouth statue, his hide black in the sunlight; he seemed what he was, a monster surviving over from the world's past, from the days when the beasts of the prime ran riot in their strength, before man grew so cunning of brain and hand as to master them. So little did he dream of our presence that when we were a hundred yards off he actually lay down.

"Walking lightly, and with every sense keyed up, we at last reached the bush, and I pushed forward the safety of the double-barreled Holland rifle which I was now to use for the first time on big game. As I stepped to one side of the bush, so as to get a clear aim, with Slatter following, the rhino saw me and jumped to his feet with the agility of a polo pony. As he rose I put in the right barrel, the bullet going through both lungs. At the same moment he wheeled, the blood spouting from his nostrils, and galloped full on us. Before he could get quite all the way round in his headlong rush to reach us, I struck him with my left-hand barrel, the bullet entering between the neck and shoulder and piercing his heart. At the same instant Captain Slatter fired, his bullet entering the neck vertebrae. Plowing up the ground with horn and feet, the great bull rhino, still head toward us, dropped 13 paces from where we stood."

A WHOLESALE —AND— Indiscriminate Slaughter —OF— 182 Automobiles to Be Sold Regardless of COST, VALUE OR PROFIT

THERE are times in the lives of business men, as of nations, when heroic action is the only remedy for the demands of stern necessity.

That time has arrived for us, and without the slightest hesitancy we meet an unusual condition with a heroism unparalleled in the arena of commerce. This condition gives you the greatest opportunity to own an automobile you have ever had, or probably ever will have.

We are going to sell, regardless of cost; regardless of real value; regardless of profit, 182 automobiles.

We will sell them to the first 182 people who want them. We are making one price on these automobiles ($377), and this price means a terrific money loss to the manufacturer.

The Reason

These machines are the remaining few of a tremendously large output. The manufacturer is discontinuing the making of this model, because the manufacturer has changed his plans and is now turning out a high-priced car to meet the requirements of the extravagant buyer.

The Jewel

This little car is made in the cheap-to-operate form of one cylinder.

It is named the "Jewel," and it is all that the name implies.

While it has but one cylinder, it is beyond question one of the most dependable town and country cars ever built.

If you want to go any place and be sure of getting back, the Jewel will do the work.

You can fill the gas tank and you don't need to think of the refilling until you have gone 100 miles.

Five gallons of gasoline are needed for these 100 miles.

That is traveling at a cost of less than 1c a mile.

The car itself is light in weight, weighing only 900 lbs., therefore the general tire expense and upkeep costs are trifling. In fact, this expense is so small that it is not worthy of consideration.

If you want a car to go 60 miles an hour, you don't want the Jewel, because it will only make one-half that speed.

Here is the difference between paying $4,000 and the sacrifice price of only $377.00.

Only 182 Cars

As we said before, we only have 182 of these cars to be sold at this wonderfully low price. It is an opportunity that will come to you but once—an opportunity that is astounding the men in automobile circles.

Price $377

Pages could be filled with words of praise from present owners of these machines. Suffice it is to say that there is no automobile manufactured in this country selling at any where near the regular price of this car that is as good value, and when this unheard-of price of $377 is put on the car, it makes the greatest and most unparalleled value that the people of this or any other country have ever had an opportunity of getting in on.

$377, and we have cut the price so low that we can't even include top in the equipment, but are putting in the top at a figure so low that you can easily afford one, $13.50 for the handsome pantisote and leather top to go with this machine.

This would not pay for the bows alone, to say nothing of the other materials and the making.

Proved Satisfactory

Thousands of these machines have been sold to people in all parts of this country at $650.00.

They are giving universal satisfaction.

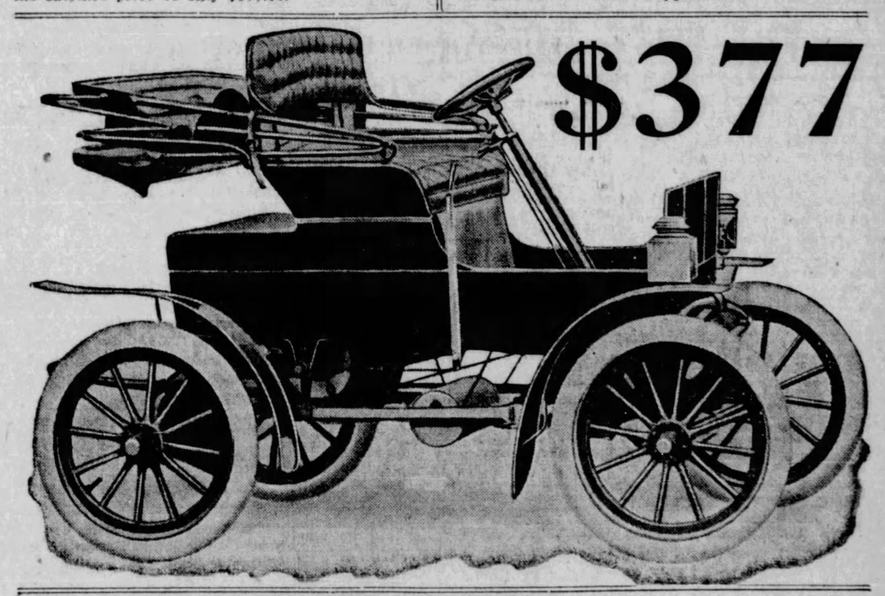
They are the greatest value at their regular price ever put out by an automobile concern.

The Jewel has proven itself so conclusively to be a car of strength and simple construction that we hardly know where to begin in telling of the reliability. It is a car that will go and get back; one that has proven itself in the endurance contests of the country, encountering roads and road conditions that were even impassable to heavier automobiles. In fact, the man who purchases a Jewel at this ridiculously low price will be getting a bargain, the equal of which has never been heard of or even dreamed of in the United States.

The Offer

When the manufacturer discontinued the making of this model, we took every single one they had left on their hands. We paid cash for them. We now have a big investment, and we are going to cash in on this investment at once. It is urgent—we need the money.

To the first 182 people who send us their check for $50.00, and agree to pay the remaining $327 upon the arrival of car at destination, we will ship the cars in the order of application.



Specifications

Engine—Jewel Single Cylinder, two-cycle, 8 H. P., 4½-inch bore, 4-inch stroke. All internal parts turned and ground. Forged steel crank with large bearings.
Piston—Three ring type, ground and lapped to a perfect fit.
Ignition—Jump spark.
Carburetor—Jewel. Special design, giving minimum gasoline consumption.
Control—Throttle and spark lever on steering post.
Cooling—Water from positive driven gear pump. Capacity three gallons, sufficient for 200 miles.
Transmission—Improved planetary type two forward and reverse.
Frame—Highest grade pressed cold rolled steel in one piece.
Steering—Wheel. Jewel special design.
Wheels—Artillery type.
Axle—Steel I-beam section.
Brakes—Foot brake on rear axle, also transmission brake.
Springs—Three full elliptic; three point suspension.
Oiling—Automatic. Using compression system from engine.
Speed—Four to 30 miles per hour.
Gasoline—Five gallons; sufficient for 100 miles.
Drive—Nickel steel roller chain. Direct drive from engine to axle.
Equipment—Square oil lamps, and tools, etc.
Weight—900 pounds.

Sandusky, O., Nov. 20, 1909.
The Jewel Motor Car Co., Massillon, O.
Gentlemen: A few years ago I purchased one of your single cylinder two-cycle automobiles. In the practice of my profession I need a dependable automobile, and feel at this time that it is only due you to know what wonderful service, of a thoroughly satisfactory character, your car has rendered. The feature of economy has been one that I feel ought to be mentioned, since the cost of maintenance and up-keep of this car has been appreciably less than the maintenance of a horse and buggy. I cover twice the distance and do twice the work that I found possible when I used a horse and buggy.
Mrs. Schimansky takes great pleasure in driving this car. She is able to handle the machine under all conditions.
My friends, who have more expensive automobiles, call mine the "Mud Lark" because it so successfully negotiates all roads at all times of the year.
Yours very truly,
C. A. SCHIMANSKY, M. D.

Akron, Ohio, May 25, 1909.
The Jewel Motor Car Co., Massillon, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I take pleasure in advising you that my Jewel Car is doing fine. Have had no trouble with it. It runs like a watch. I would not part with it for a thousand dollars if I could not get another. Very truly,
W. T. SAWYER.
The Hon. W. T. Sawyer is mayor of Akron.

Collinwood, O., Nov. 20, 1909.
The Jewel Motor Car Co., Massillon, O.
Gentlemen: After several years' use of one of your single cylinder, two-cycle 8 H. P. cars, I feel it my duty to tell you how thoroughly satisfactory this car has been in my service.
My business is general contracting and I have need constantly of a thoroughly dependable automobile, and at this time feel safe in saying the Jewel has absolutely filled the requirements in every way, and is an automobile that will go and get back.
The one feature above all others that appeals to me in the Jewel is its simplicity of construction and ease of handling.
Yours very truly,
G. C. GOULD.

LOOK over the specifications. Read the letters of recommendation and write to us for catalogue or our booklet, "Expressions of Appreciation," which gives a number of testimonials, similar to the three reproduced on this page.

You take no risk in this matter at all; the fact that the Forest City Motor Co. represents and sells this automobile is an assurance of staunchness and the ability of the car.

For those who want further reference, write to the Lake Shore Banking and Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

We reserve the privilege of returning your remittance in the event that all the cars have been sold, for we can't fill more orders than we have cars.

This price of $377, is at Cleveland. You pay the freight. We can "knock down" and crate each car for shipment, in order to make the freight charges trifling. Any man mechanically inclined can easily reassemble this car after it is received in the form that we call "knock down."

We have also acquired, by purchase, the complete stock of repair parts for this model, and will be able therefore to take care of all future demands for duplicate parts.

Let us hear from you. Write for catalogue that gives complete description of the car.

FOREST CITY MOTOR CO.
1500 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

TESTIMONIALS

THE BOARD OF TRADE,
WAYCROSS, Ga., Oct. 3, 1909.
Deen Realty and Improvement Co., Waycross, Ga.

Gentlemen—I have just made a trip through the Deenwood Farms and desire to say that I can heartily commend them to the people of the United States. The soil of these farms is all that farmers could wish and their location is ideal. With a railroad right through the center of them, with two magnificent public highways being constructed through them, and with your system of local roads around every 120-acre block, making every ten-acre farm face a road, I cannot think of a more ideal condition for a farm community. I consider anybody fortunate who should own one of the Deenwood Farms.
Very truly yours, J. M. COX,
President Board of Trade.

Deen Realty and Improvement Co., Waycross, Ga.

Gentlemen—In reply to your request on raising cabbage, can say that I have raised $130 worth on half acre at 1½c per pound. I have made several crops about that good.
Yours, S. L. HENDERSON.

WARE COUNTY, WAYCROSS, Ga.,
Sept. 20, 1908.

Mr. G. W. Deen, the president and owner of the Deen Realty and Improvement Company, is one of our most substantial and public-spirited citizens, and any contract or statement made by his company can be relied upon. In addition to being president of the Deen Realty and Improvement Company and the Jacksonville Heights Improvement Company, Mr. Deen is Vice President of the Georgia Fire Insurance Company, Vice President of the Waycross Turpentine Company, Treasurer of the St. John's Development Company, Director of the First National Bank of Waycross, besides being a stockholder and director in a number of other corporations. B. H. THOMAS,
(Signed.) Ordinary Ware County.

WAYCROSS, GA., Oct. 8, 1909.

To Whom It May Concern: I had the pleasure of going over Deenwood Farms with the county commissioners and a committee from the board of trade, and I can commend with pleasure the Deenwood Farms. I believe that people who buy and settle these farms can make money farming them, and I am confident that the price of these lands will be much higher than they are now within a very few years.
(Signed.) D. J. MILLER.
Member Board of County Commissioners.

FAIRFAX, Ga., Sept. 28, 1909.
Deen Realty and Improvement Co., Waycross, Ga.

Gentlemen—In reply to your favor of 27th, beg to say J. R. & T. Bunn made 86 bushels corn on one acre this year. M. L. & J. W. Bunn made 91 and C. T. Davis 103. Both these yields were on very ordinary pine lands that had not been improved heretofore. Mr. Davis had a good piece of hammock land that he says would have made 40 bushels from the natural soil if it is without fertilizers). Mr. George B. Whitlock made 400 bushels pumpkin yams (sweet potatoes) to the acre. Some others, Mr. O. E. Giddens, for one, beat that considerably, but I don't remember just how much. There are several good corn yields that have not been harvested yet. I am yours very truly, J. P. LIDE.

Mr. Lide is postmaster at Fairfax, a sawmill town within a mile of the Deenwood Farms. He is a gentleman of the highest character and his simple testimony is as good as an affidavit.

WARESBORO, Ga., Oct. 11, 1909.
Deen Realty and Improvement Co., Waycross, Ga.

Gentlemen—I have lived in the vicinity of the Deenwood Farms of Ware county all my life up to this time, and can say as to the health of this section that there is none that excels it. With the proper improvements it can be made a good farming section. In my immediate community, which is in the Deenwood Farms, we are growing 60 bushels of corn to the acre this year. This section is famous for sugar cane, cotton, corn and sweet potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. Very truly yours,
D. H. BENNETT,
Member Board of County Commissioners.

WAYCROSS, Ga., September 28, 1909.
Deen Realty and Improvement Co., Waycross, Ga.

Gentlemen—In reply to your inquiry, I desire to say that I have raised this year 71 bushels of corn to the acre on my farm one mile west of Waycross, and 1,000 bushels of sweet potatoes on three acres. This has been a bad season on my sea island cotton and my crop will not average over a bale to two acres. My farm is adjacent to Winona Park, which is in Deenwood. Very truly yours, W. E. STEEDLEY.

17--CENTS A DAY--17
Buys A
DEENWOOD FARM
IN THE
SOUTH-GEORGIA-COUNTRY

LOCATION

Deenwood Farms are divided into ten, twenty and forty acres each. Beginning within 1½ miles of the corporate limits of the city of Waycross, and being bounded on the north by the Satilla river and on the south by the Montgomery Branch of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, with the Waycross and Nashville Railroad and the Albany Branch of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad running centrally through them, thus affording ample and convenient railroad facilities to the ports of Brunswick, Jacksonville and Savannah, as well as the markets of the East and West: New York and Chicago. Every farm in this tract will be within 3½ miles of a railroad

SOIL

The soil of Deenwood Farms is the grayish loam, with the sea flats predominating, easy to till and responsive to the slightest culture. These lands are specially adapted for sea island cotton, sugar cane, sweet and Irish potatoes, hay, corn, oats, peas, early spring trucking, scuppernong grapes, strawberries, peaches, melons, cantaloupes, figs and pecan nuts.

A PERFECT CLIMATE

You will fall in love with the climate at Deenwood Farms. The extreme temperature in summer is 97; the winter extreme is 21, while the mean for summer is 85 and the mean for winter is 62. The total mean is 78. Snow occurs once in a decade, and ice three or four mornings in winter. Sunstroke is not known, while the radiation is so rapid the nights are never sultry. Delightful breezes come and go several times daily, with the tides in the gulf and the ocean.

NO WET OR DRY SEASONS

The average rainfall is 48.44 inches, and there are no wet or dry seasons, as the fall is distributed beneficially through out the year.

YIELDS

Sea island cotton yields from $50 to $200 an acre; potatoes as high as $350 an acre; cane, $400; corn, $125; pecan nuts, $40 to the tree; cantaloupes and melons, $300, and peaches $800.

Deenwood Farms are divided into 10, 20 and 40 acres each; a graded road 30 to 60 feet wide in front of each farm. Price, $20.00 per acre. Terms, $1.00 an acre cash, 50c per acre per month. Cut out and mail coupon. Return mail will bring you, free, full information.

At $200 an acre Deenwood Farms would pay more than 20 per cent interest. At $20 an acre, they will pay more than 200 PER CENT INTEREST every year they are properly cultivated.

The Home-seekers' rates are in effect on practically all the railroads the year round to Waycross first and third Tuesdays in each month.

Deen Realty & Improvement Company

Home Office [La Grande Bldg., Suite 310-314] WAYCROSS, GA.

Chicago Office, 605 Fisher Building

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Deen Realty & Improvement Company, 605 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or La Grande Bldg., Waycross, Ga.
Send me at once, postpaid and without obligation, your Free Proposition on "Deenwood Farms," including map and other leaflets explaining your plans.

Name .....
City .....
State .....
.....

Cut this coupon out and mail right now; this day.

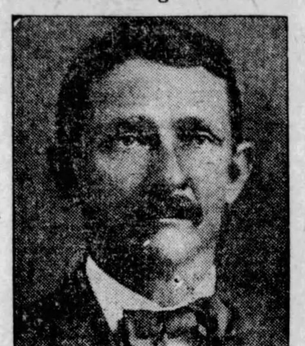
We have personally seen and driven over this land and believe it to be the best Southern Farm Land we have ever seen.

Massengale Advertising Agency,
Atlanta, Ga.

Prices and Terms

10-Acre Tract, $200--$10 cash, $5 a month
20-Acre Tract, $400--$20 cash, $10 a month
40-Acre Tract, $800--$40 cash, $20 a month

Senator George W. Deen



HEALTH

The health of the South Georgia country is as nearly perfect as human woes permit. Its mortality is far below that of the mountain regions that are noted as health resorts. There is no malaria and never can be, since the soil is too porous to hold water until it stagnates, and, therefore, can never raise the poisonous mosquito.

Ware county is dotted with schools and churches, and the morals of the people are the very best. The county and all surrounding counties have been "dry" for years, and the people are sober, industrious and law-abiding. The laws are impartially administered and the county is ideal for home life. Since the South Georgia country has not hitherto been largely opened up to agriculture, the negro population is very small.

NO TAXES, NO INTEREST, NO RECORDING FEES

In buying a Deenwood Farm you are exempt from taxes, interest and recording fees.

DO NOT DELAY

If you ever intend to own a farm home, now is the golden opportunity. This the Arcadia to abide in. You need to inquire no further—wait no longer. Life here will satisfy you; home here will please you. Here you can live without strenuosity and fulfill your life's mission without losing faith in God and man. Come and settle where the golden sands drop evenly and gently through the measure of time.

OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You don't have to wait to see this land. We give an iron-clad guarantee that if you are not satisfied in accordance with our contract we will REFUND YOUR MONEY. Read Mr. Deen's personal guarantee, having behind it Mr. Deen's large personal fortune:

"I, George W. Deen, personally guarantee to deliver to purchasers of tracts in Deenwood Farms clear title to their land at end of installment payment period, without expense for the recording, commissions or any other fees whatsoever. I further personally guarantee to refund purchase price or part payment to any one who may be dissatisfied, in accordance with our contract."
(Signed.) GEORGE W. DEEN.

ALABAMA REJECTS PROHIBITION LAW

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 30.—Alabama, by the overwhelming majority of 20,000 out of a vote of 100,000, yesterday refused to adopt a constitutional amendment for prohibition, thereby defeating not only the latest move of the radical prohibitionists, but repudiating the administration of Governor B. B. Comer by dealing a death blow to Judge S. D. Weakley, author of the prohibition bills, who is making the race for governor as a Comer man. Governor Comer has gone from one end of the state to the other urging the adoption of the prohibition amendment as an endorsement of his administration.

Every dollar that could be raked and scraped by the Anti-Saloon League was rushed to the state during the weeks preceding the election, and the most desperate fight ever known in the state was made to save the bill. Women went out and worked for it on the streets, children sang songs at the polls and prayers were offered at the churches.

Preachers put forth every effort to induce the voters to adopt the amendment, but there was such a rebellion against recent prohibition legislation and so much feeling against the politicians who, many believe, have tried to use the prohibition cause to keep in power that almost every county—about five excepted—rose up and smote the proposition.

The anti-saloon workers did not have the field of appeal to the voters all to themselves, by any means. The opponents of the prohibition amendment were at work from the time the polls opened until the last ballot was cast. Brass bands were stationed near spots where women were praying and children were singing, with orders to drown the anti-liquor pleaders out.

A significant feature of the result of the election is the fact that sentiment against the amendment was proven so widespread. Rural precincts, small towns and cities alike for the most part returned substantial majorities on the winning side.

Birmingham gave a majority of 953 against the amendment and Greater Birmingham (including the city's suburbs) gave a majority of 1,253 against it. Mobile county's majority against the amendment is estimated at 2,500 to 3,000.

Montgomery, Baldwin and Cullman counties show some of the largest majorities on the victorious side.

There has never been seen here anything like the rejoicing shown in Birmingham last night over the result. Thousands of persons from Jefferson and adjoining counties were here to see the returns flashed, and the downtown streets were one wave of enthusiasm.

Anti-prohibitionists declare that the election proves that while Alabama is for local option, it is not ready to go the whole way in prohibition.

SHIPS UNDER ORDERS

United States Plans to Strike Severe Blow at Nicaragua's Ports.

Washington, Nov. 27.—Orders have been given for the concentration of additional warships on the coasts of Nicaragua, and in a short time there will be six vessels on each coast together with a large force of marines.

On the Atlantic coast will be the cruisers Des Moines and Tacoma, the gunboats Marietta, Paducah and Dubuque, and the transport Prairie with 400 marines. On the Pacific coast will be the cruisers Albany and New Orleans, the gunboats Vicksburg, Yorktown and Princeton, and the transport Buffalo with 400 marines.

In restoring peace in Nicaragua and in punishing President Zelaya of that republic for the repeated violations of the conventions of the Central American peace conference in Washington two years ago, Mexico probably will be asked to co-operate with the United States. It is expected that the United States will take decisive action within the next few days. The case against Zelaya it is understood is nearing completion.

These perfected arrangements of the state and the navy departments and the White House show that Zelaya is to be disciplined severely. It is known that Zelaya made a false statement when he said that his troops did not invade Costa Rica. The latter republic advises this government that the contrary is the fact.

Mexico and the United States are sponsors for the peace of Central America. There is now a proposition as between the United States and Mexico that the peace must be maintained and there is no warrant for the statement that Mexico has declined to act with the United States if necessary. The international conduct of President Zelaya has gone so far that he has to be dealt with primarily for the execution of two American citizens, but also as a violator of the peace pacts of Central America.

It was said at the state department today that it was extremely unlikely that any official announcement of importance concerning Nicaragua would be made earlier than Sunday night or Monday morning. This is assumed to indicate that matters of consequence are under consideration which may be expected to culminate about that time.

BISHOP DIES OF CHOLERA

Stricken With Fatal Disease in the Philippines.

Manila, Nov. 30.—Bishop T. A. Hendricks, of the diocese of Cebu, died today of cholera. The bishop had been gravely ill for several months, and a brother recently came here from New York, in the hope that he would be able to take the sick man home. There have been a number of cases of cholera at Cebu recently.

SKIN TROUBLES CURED

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.

CUTICURA MET WITH SUCCESS

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter, when it became cold, the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using the Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

KANSAS PROSPERING

Total Value of Farm Crops Breaks Records.

The Kansas board of agriculture's last crop report for 1909 shows a final summary of the agricultural, horticultural and live stock products, and live stock, for the state—yields, numbers and values, including winter and spring wheat, corn and oats, which were previously reported, in detail, November 9.

The report says: Great as has been the return from Kansas farms in former years, the 1909 inventory shows that the state has this year eclipsed all previous records and set a new standard in wealth production. For the first time, the value of farm products and live stock has passed the half-billion mark, aggregating, to be exact, $532,685,245, or $57,440,414 in excess of 1908, the best prior year. The larger increases over the preceding year are in the values of wheat, oats, hay and horticultural products, which show a net gain of $24,786,247, and live stock, which are worth more by $27,636,202.

In spite of smaller yields of several crops, notably corn, the aggregate value of each crop, excepting two or three of minor importance, is greater this year than in 1908, and field crops were worth $215,057,025, or more by $25,997,369 than those of last year. They outvalue by over 100 per cent those of ten years ago. The Total of all farm products—$307,538,164—is 70 per cent greater than the average for the 20 years ending with 1908, and the net increase in their value over the preceding year amounts to $29,804,211, making the total of these, as it is in live stock values, the greatest in the state's history. The wheat and corn crops were the most valuable ever raised.

The value per head of all live stock is higher than a year ago. Horses and mules average, respectively, $10 and $11 per head more, and each other kind aggregates a greater value, although milch cows and swine were less in numbers. The state's live stock was worth $225,147,080, and the value of their products is greater, although there is a decrease this year in the item of animals slaughtered or sold for that purpose, indicating that high prices for corn have a marked tendency toward curtailing fattening operations.

The state's alfalfa area aggregates 933,539 acres, an increase of 13 per cent. As a result of the more extensive growing of this plant the tame hay output has phenomenally increased, and amounts to 2,052,927 tons, or 247,151 tons more than the greatest previous yield. It is worth $14,343,933, or $1,078,368 more than the next most valuable crop.

With the crops they raised, unusually high prices for nearly all classes of farm products, improved live stock in increasing numbers, comfortable homes equipped with modern conveniences on every hand, and more money in bank than ever before the Kansas husbandmen, as a class, aside from the many other advantages of their beneficent surroundings, surely have much cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving.

TO MAKE NATION WELL

Surgeon General Wants a Health Bureau.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Dr. Walter Wyman, surgeon general, United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, has submitted to the President, at his request, a brief on the proposed plan to establish a department of public health. The platforms of both the Republicans and Democratic parties declared in favor of this step, which has been considerably discussed of late. The committee of 100, composed of men eminent in medicine and public affairs, has consistently urged the desirability of a wider national influence in hygiene, sanitation and other matters affecting the health and physical well being of the nation.

General Wyman does not feel at liberty to discuss for publication his recommendations to the President pending the disposition of the matter by the executive. What he would recommend may be surmised, however. In an address at Philadelphia before the American Academy of Political and Social Science last April General Wyman said:

"The physician, the sanitarian and the hygienist endeavor to keep the individual in line—in his correct place as an individual in the ranks of humanity, as humanity is pressing forward to its destination. If the individual weakens or meets with accident, the physician discovers the cause of the weakening and applies the remedy, or applies his surgical skill to repair the results of accident. The sanitarian looks to the individual's environment and the hygienist to his physical development. Sanitation and hygiene, representing physical welfare, are essential to the fullest development of the mental and spiritual."

With such influential men as ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft advocating a department of public health, there would seem to be a growing prospect of its becoming a reality. It would effect a combination or co-ordination of the various medical departments now under federal control and their intelligent direction by one head. There is cooperation now, but not in the fullest degree possible. President Taft in his annual message will without doubt recommend the establishment of a department of health, and in this he will only recognize the trend of progress. To quote again from General Wyman, in an address before the Medical Society of the Missouri Valley: "In our progressing public health movement we are simply participating in a stage of the evolution of the human being. It would seem that the public health movement, or the statue of public health questions, runs parallel with the other great movements connected with the advancement of civilization."

The advocates of a department of health hardly expect action at the coming session of congress, but they believe that such action must come, and that before many years.

COAL OIL BEATS THE RECORD

Steamer Wilhelmina First to Use Such Fuel.

Newport News, Va., Nov. 30.—During her official trials yesterday the big freight and passenger steamer Wilhelmina, built by the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock company, developed a speed of 17½ knots an hour, 2½ knots in excess of the contract speed. Coal oil was used as fuel. The ship will use this fuel during her run of 13,000 miles to San Francisco. This will be the first steam vessel to attempt such a voyage with coal oil as fuel. The Wilhelmina is building for the Matson Navigation company and will ply between Honolulu and San Francisco.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Nov. 30.—Causes for lower wheat values early in the day can be summed up in dull trade, more liberal receipts than expected and weak cables. Toledo cash and December opened ¼c down at $1.19⅞. May unchanged at $1.22½ and July ¼c off at $1.01¾. Later in the first hour, cash and the near month lost ⅝c and May ⅛c. Receipts in Toledo were but two cars compared with none yesterday. The movement in the northwest continues a thorn in bull flesh, arrivals being again liberal. Reports on the European crop conditions show the situation generally favorable. At Chicago, commission houses bought May while selling was scattered.

Primary receipts were liberal compared with last week's, and to a less extent those of a year ago. Some of the upward pressure was attributed to the imminent strike at Minneapolis, though this was interpreted as both bearish and bullish. Local prices broke somewhat from the high spots late in the day. Cash and December closed ¼c off at $1.19⅛, December ¼c up at $1.22⅜ and July ⅛c up at $1.02⅛. Chicago May and December closed at $1.06⅛. Liverpool closed ¼d to ⅝d lower.

In corn, the weakness indicated almost a bear raid. The market was heavy on selling by the Bartlett-Patten interests and sales of the crowd, which sold May in sympathy. Toledo December opened ½c off at 59¾c, May ⅛c off at 62½c and July unchanged at 62⅝c. The near month lost and the two more remote futures gained ⅛c in the initial half hour.

Corn closes: Cash 60c, December 59¾c, May and July at 62¾c.

Oats was steady to a little lower at the start, December opening ⅛c off at 42c, May ⅛c down at 44⅛c and July unchanged at 42⅜c.

Closing oats values: Cash and December 42c, May 44⅛c, July 42⅛c.

The situation in clover seed appears entirely a trading proposition, and nothing definite can be expected as a factor until cash demand opens up in the spring. With selling orders predominating on the call, prices were about 10c lower all down the line. Cash and November opened at $8.75, December at $8.80 and March at $8.95.

Receipts were 1557 bags against 500 a year ago. Shipments were none against 753 a year ago. Strength of the December situation and the courage of bulls is a feature of the market. Cash and November closed 10c off at $8.75, December at $8.75 and March 10c down at $8.95.

TOLEDO.

					Close	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Nov.30.	Nov.29.
Cash	1.19⅞	1.20	1.19⅛	1.19⅛	1.20
Dec	1.19⅞	1.20	1.19⅛	1.19⅛	1.20
May	1.22½	1.23	1.22⅜	1.22⅜	1.22½
July	1.01⅛	1.03	1.01⅛	1.02⅛	1.02
Corn—					
Cash	59¼	....	....	60	60½
Dec	59¾	....	59½	59⅝	60¼
May	62½	62⅝	....	62¾	62⅝
July	62⅝	62¾	....	62⅝	62⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42	42¼
Dec	42	....	....	42	42¼
May	44⅛	....	....	44⅛	44⅜
July	42⅛	....	....	42⅛	42½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.75	....	....	8.75	8.85
Nov	8.75	....	....	8.75	8.85
Dec	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.85
March	8.95	8.97½	....	8.95	9.05
No. 2	....	....	....	8.50	....
No. 3	....	....	....	8.30@8.35	....
Rejected	....	....	....	8.00@8.15	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	7.25@7.50	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	76½	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	73	73
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.95	7.95
Nov.	....	....	....	7.95	7.95
Dec.	....	....	....	7.95	7.95
March	....	....	....	8.10	8.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.05½	1.06	1.05	1.06⅛	1.05⅞
May	1.05⅝	1.06	1.05⅛	1.06⅛	1.05⅝
July	97⅛	97⅛	97	97⅛	97⅜
Corn—					
Dec	58½	....	57⅝	58¼	58½
May	61¼	61¼	61⅛	61½	61¼
July	60½	60⅝	....	60⅞	60⅝
Oats—					
Dec	39¼	39¼	....	39¼	39¼
May	41⅞	42	41⅝	42	41⅞
July	39⅞	40	....	40	39⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	21.90	....	....	21.80	22.00
May	21.10	....	....	20.75	21.17
Lard—					
Jan.	12.55	....	....	12.52	12.57
May	11.82	....	....	11.57	11.82
July	11.60	11.67	....	11.50	11.70
Ribs—					
Jan.	11.50	....	....	11.30	11.50
May	10.85	10.87	....	10.82	10.97

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.14¼	....	....	1.15	1.14

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	1.07	....	1.06½	....	1.07¼
May	1.06⅝	....	....	....	1.07⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.03⅝
May	....	....	....	1.05⅝	1.05⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.03	1.02½
May	....	....	....	1.05⅝	1.06½

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 30.—The volume of hogs received today was liberal and the market was 10c higher than yesterday's best time. Demand from all sources was fair and packers and shippers were in the market. Choice and fair veal calves were advanced about 50c.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.35; mediums, $8.30@8.35; heavy yorkers, $8.20@8.25; light yorkers, $8.00@8.15; good mixed, $8.25@8.30; bulk of sales, $8.20@8.30; good pigs, $8.00; stags and roughs, $6.50@7.50.

Cattle—Best steers, 1,200 lbs. up, $6.00@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, $4.75@5.75; extra heifers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good, $4.00@4.50; light, $3.25@4.25; fat cows, $4.00@4.25; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.00@3.00; milkers and springers, $25@50; best butcher bulls, $4.00@4.25; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; feeding steers, 800 to 900 lbs., $4.00@5.00; stockers, $3.00@4.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.50@5.50; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $2.50@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; lambs, $6.50@6.75; lambs, choice, $6.75@7.00.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $7.00@8.00; common to light, $4.00@6.50; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@5.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 30.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 10,000, market steady; beeves, $3.90@9.25; Texas steers, $3.75@4.80; western steers, $4.00@7.50; stockers and feeders, $3.10@5.20; cows and heifers, $2.10@5.65; calves, $6.25@8.50. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 23,000, market steady; light, $7.75@8.25; mixed, $7.85@8.35; heavy, $7.95@8.45; rough, $7.95@8.10; good to choice heavy, $8.10@8.45; pigs, $6.70@7.75; bulk of sales, $8.15@8.35. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 21,000, market steady; native, $2.75@5.00; western, $3.00@5.00; yearlings, $5.40@6.80; lambs, native, $5.00@7.65; western, $5.00@7.60.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 30.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 2 cars, steady. Hogs, 10 cars, higher; heavy, $8.50; yorkers, $8.40; pigs, $8.30. Sheep, 10 cars; strong; best lambs, $7.90; yearlings, $6.00@6.25; wethers, $5.00@5.25; ewes, $4.75@5.00. Calves, $4.50@9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 30.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts, 40 cars, higher; mediums, $8.35; yorkers, $8.25; pigs, $8.15. Lambs, $7.65. Calves, $9.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa. Nov. 30.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—There was a thorough clearance of cattle yesterday at the 15 to 25-cents advance, with no fresh arrivals today. Hogs 1,500, market active and 10c higher; heavies, $8.50@8.60; heavy mixed, $8.50@8.55; medium, $8.45@8.50; yorkers, $8.40@8.45; lights, $8.20@8.25; pigs, $8.00@8.10; thorough early clearance, with orders unfilled. Sheep 1,000, steady, $5.00 down; lambs, steady, $7.60 down. Calves 200, steady, $9.50 down.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 30.—(Wall Street.)—The active opening dealings in stocks today did not cause much change in the price level. Only a few of the prominent stocks moved widely from last night's closing. The gains and losses were much mixed and the contest between the opposing speculative forces was evident. American Sugar advanced 1⅝, Amalgamated Copper, Anaconda, and Reading 1 and Wabash preferred, Canadian Pacific and American Smelting large fractions. St. Louis & San Francisco second preferred declined 1¼, American Car and Great Northern preferred ¾.

The strength displayed by a few of the important stocks at the opening brought heavy offerings for both accounts, and prices went down quickly to below yesterday's closing. The copper stocks and **American Sugar were, as on yesterday, the chief points of weakness. International Harvester and American Hide and Leather** preferred sagged 2 points below last close, Kansas & Texas preferred 1⅝, Utah Copper 1¼ and Northern Pacific, Texas & Pacific, Southern Railway preferred, Cleveland C. C. & St. Louis, second preferred, Minneapolis and St. Louis, Illinois Central, Colorado Fuel, Great Northern Ore certificates, American Steel Foundries and American Beet Sugar 1. Superior Copper, Reading, Pressed Steel Car, Republic Iron & Steel and American Smelting orders caused a moderate rally late in the list became quiet.

Large purchasing orders were distributed in Amalgamated Copper, Reading, Union Pacific and American Sugar, which produced a show of strength in the rest of the market. Many of the prominent railroad stocks rose to above yesterday's last prices and the losses in some of the industrials were fully made up. American Sugar, Central Railroad of New Jersey and a few other issues were the only exceptions to net gains of 1 point to 3 points at the close. Union Pacific 1⅜, and Northern Pacific 1¼, Pittsburg Coal preferred lost 1 point and Colorado Fuel preferred 1¼.

Prices weakened again, some railroads coming into the movement for the first time, forced 1⅜ under last night. Northern Pacific 1½ and New York Central, Louisville & Nashville and Great Northern preferred 1¼. A long list of industrials suffered losses of a point or upwards, including the United States Steel stocks and the iron and steel industrials. American Car preferred dropped 2¾, Great Northern Ore certificates 2⅜, American Car & Foundry, Westinghouse Electric 2, American Coal Oil 1¾, and Western Union and Republic Steel 1½. Wabash preferred rose 1¾. The money market steadied and became dull at 4. Bonds were weak.

New York Stocks.

New York, Nov. 30, 19

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.
Am. Loco. com	59½	59⅝	59⅛
Am Sg. Rfg. Co	118	118½	115⅝
Atchison	118⅝	119⅛	118¼
Am Car & F. Co	71⅝	72⅜	71⅝
Anaconda	47⅜	47⅝	47⅛
Amal. Copper	87⅛	87⅞	86⅝
Am. Smelters	96⅛	96⅝	95⅝
Am. Woolen Co	24	24	23¾
Allis Chal. pfd	32	33	32½
Am. Tobacco pfd	98⅝	98⅝	98⅝
Am. Ice Sec	26	26	25
Am. Beet Sugar	45	45	43
Balt. & Ohio	115	115	114⅝
B'klyn R. Trans	77¼	77¾	76⅝
Cast I. Pipe pfd	84	84	84
Chicago & G. W	19½	19⅝	19⅛
Canadian Pac	177⅜	177⅞	177
Colorado Fuel	48⅝	48⅝	47⅞
Ches. & Ohio	85⅝	86⅛	85⅝
Central Leather	45⅞	46⅛	45⅝
Consolidated Gas	145⅝	146⅜	145⅛
Can pfd	83	83	82
Del. & Hudson	180	180⅜	180
Distillers Sec	36	36	35⅝
Erie com	32⅜	32⅝	32⅛
Erie 1st pfd	46¾	46⅞	46⅜
Gt. Northern pfd	141⅞	142	141
Ill. Central	146	146	146
Interborough pfd	54⅞	54⅞	54⅛
K. S. Sou. com	42⅜	43⅛	42⅜
Louis. & Nash	150⅛	150⅝	149⅜
Merc. Marine pfd	24⅞	24⅞	24⅜
Missouri Pacific	59⅝	59⅝	59⅛
M., K. & T. com	47⅛	47⅜	46⅞
Nor. Pacific	143⅛	143⅝	142⅞
Nat'l Lead	87⅝	88⅜	87⅝
N. Y. Air Brake	92	92	92
Northwestern	178	179	177⅞
North Am. Co	77½	78	77½
N. Y. Central	126⅜	127⅛	125⅞
N. & W. com	91⅝	91⅝	91⅜
Ont. & Western	46⅝	46⅝	46⅛
Pr. Steel Car com	50⅞	50⅞	50⅜
Penn. Ry	130⅛	130⅝	129⅝
Pacific Mail	43⅜	44⅛	43⅜
People's Gas Co	113	113	112⅜
Reading com	167⅜	168⅛	166⅝
Rock Island	29⅝	29⅝	28⅞
Rock Island pfd	83⅛	84	83⅜
Rep. I. & S. Co	46⅛	46⅝	45⅞
Ry. Steel Spgs	48⅞	49	48⅝
So. Ry.	30⅞	30⅞	30⅝
So. Ry. Pref	67⅜	67⅜	67⅛
St. Paul	153⅞	154⅛	153⅛
Southern Pacific	127⅞	128⅜	127
Third Ave	19	19	18⅝
Texas Pacific	34	34	33⅝
Tenn. Copper	38	38⅛	37⅝
Union Pacific	200	201¾	199⅝
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	113⅞	114	113⅞
U. S. Steel	86⅛	86⅞	85⅝
U. S. Steel pfd	123⅛	123½	122⅞
U. S. Steel 5s	104⅜	104½	104⅛
Utah Copper	58⅝	58⅞	57
Virginia Chem.	47¼	47¼	47
Wabash com	20¼	20⅝	20⅛
Wabash pfd	54⅛	55⅝	54⅛
Western Union	77⅞	77⅞	76⅝

*Ex. div. 2½.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. p... 33¼@34½c; solid pack, 33½c; packing s... 22@23c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 28¼@29c; ... butter, 28@29c.

Butterine—15½@20c.

Eggs—Fresh country, 33c; candled, 34c; ... age, 26@27c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16¼@17c; New ... State, 17@18c; brick, 17½@18c; limburger, ...

Peanut butter, 1b., 10@14c.

Milk—Gal. 20c.

Cream—Gal. 80c.

Onions—Spanish, crate, $1.40@1.50; ... grown, yellow globe, 60c.

Celery—Michigan, bunch, 15@25c; Mason ... California, fancy pack, crate, $2.00.

Lettuce, 7@8c; head lettuce, Boston, ... 65@75c; Florida half barrel hamper, $2.0... dive, 20@30c.

Tomatoes—California, box, $2.00@2.25.

Brussels Sprouts—Qt., 18@20c.

Spinach—50c.

Potatoes—46@50c.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., Jersey, $3.50; Vir... $1.05.

Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, bu., $... 2.75; red kidney, bu., $1.75@2.00.

New Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $1.00.

Cauliflower—Home grown, doz., $1.00@1...

Squash—Hubbard, lb., ¾@1c.

Cucumbers—Hot house, doz., $1.00.

Green Peppers—Bu., 40c; red, 50c.

Cranberries—Cape Cod and Early Black, ... bbl.; Illinois, $7.25; Oak Bog, $6.50.

Beets—40c.

Parsnips—Bbl., $1.40.

Carrots—35@40c.

Radishes—25c doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bun... new turnips, 35c; pickling onions, $